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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Gracious Lady *a new novel by* Arthur Somers Roche

FEB 13 1932

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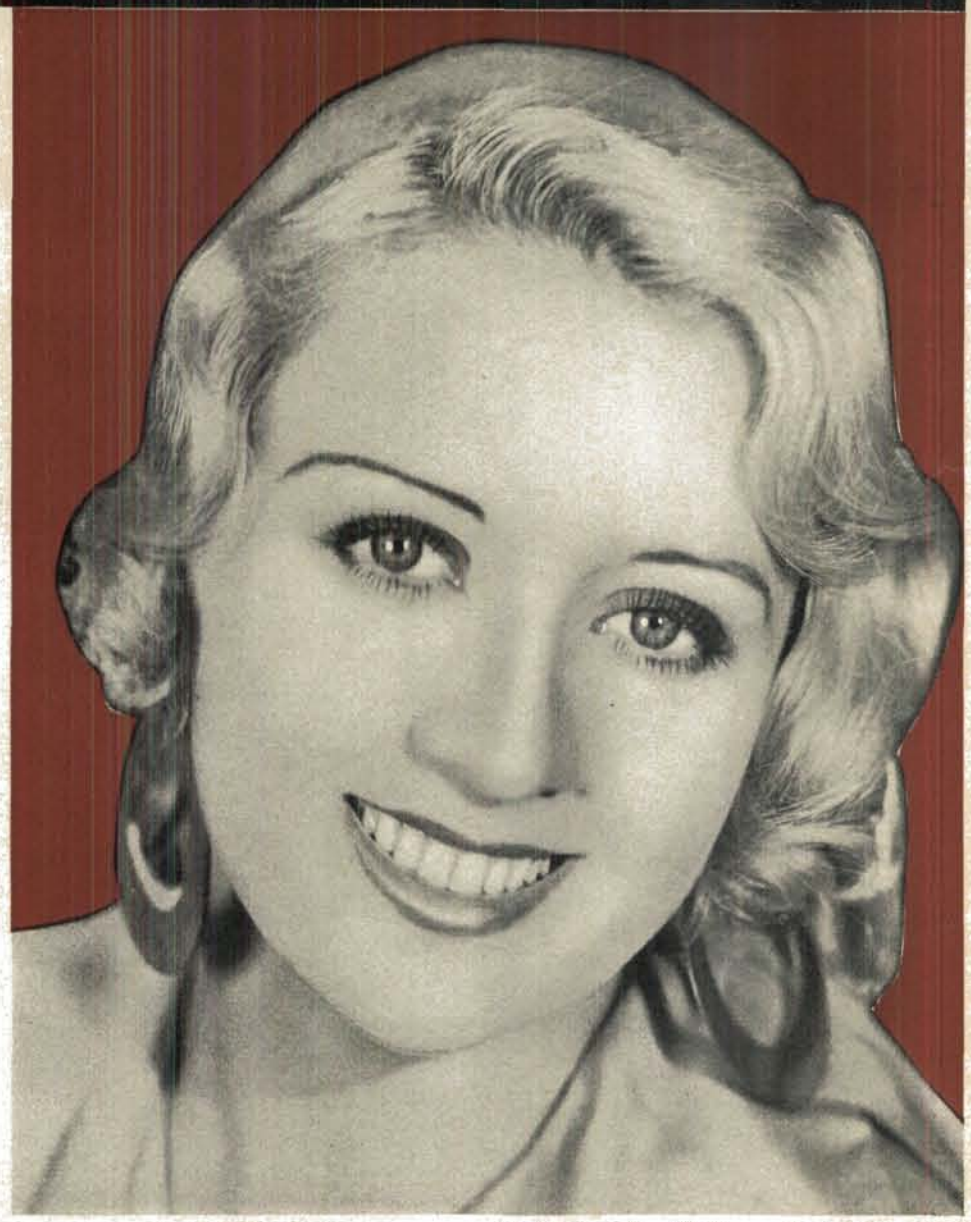

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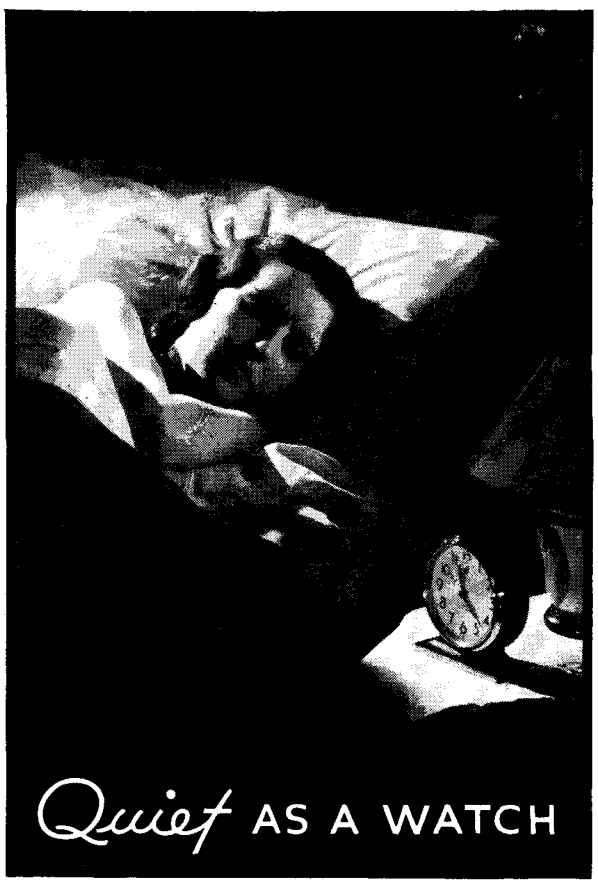

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BIG BEN

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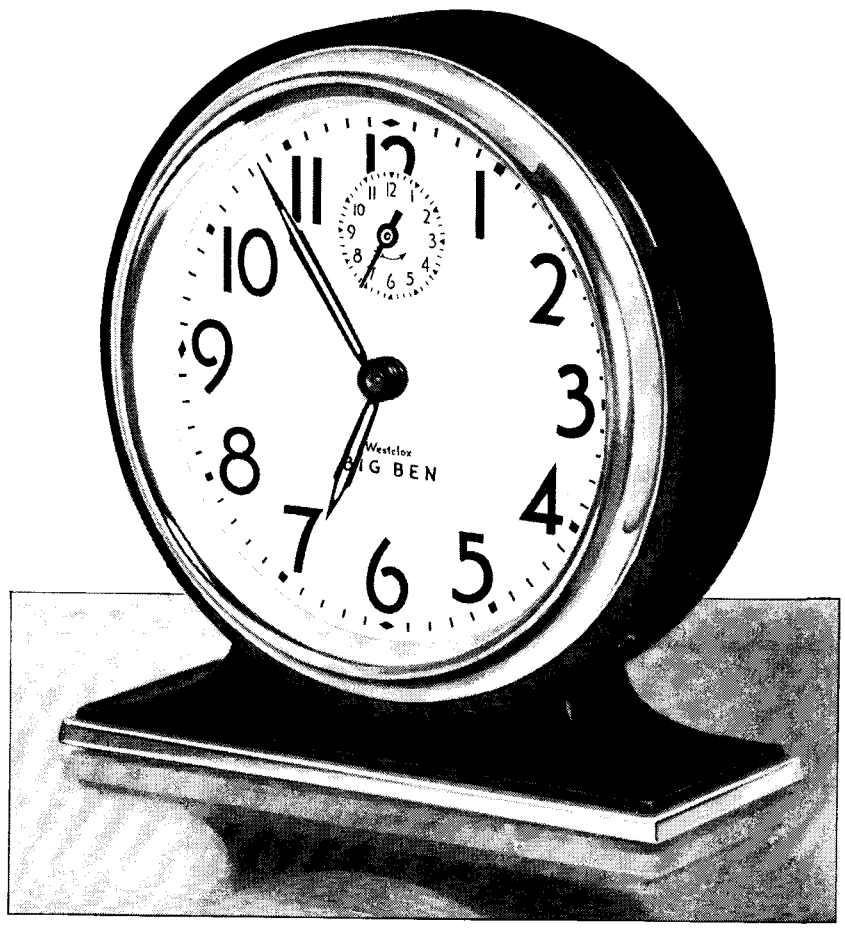

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ANY man who becomes President of the United States can be sure of one thing: his life's record will be searched for mistakes and false steps, real and fancied, and sensation-mongers will bay loudly on any trail no matter where it leads.

Mr. Hoover has been no exception to the rule. His record as a business man has been attacked and his personal integrity impugned. His defamers have given "proofs" of their assertions which prove nothing but give color to their cautiously made innuendoes. An impartial examination of the facts reveals the charges for what they are and we present the results of such an examination next week. The article was written by Arthur Train, famous author and lawyer, and the title is "The Strange Attacks on Mr. Hoover."

—

MR. ROARK BRADFORD, distinguished author of Negro stories, is with us once more with a large cast including Zeno Gates, the Widow Duck, Hots, Dicey, a cropper named Brother, and a backfield of plantation workers. Zeno is the hero, with a five-dollar bill in his pocket. Widow Duck is the heroine for a while, but the five dollars are more important than she is. You'll be surprised to learn how many things a man can do with a five-spot, especially if he keeps it in his pocket. Look for "The Money Maze."

LEONA DALRYMPLE'S short story has a cast larger than Roark Bradford's and the next issue begins to look very tempestuous already. There are Grandma Mobray and all the Mobrays including the Countess and little Jane, who is a twelve-year-old roughneck, Vera Scott, a climber, and her husband Jack, Anthony (the leading man), Enid Rossiter, the most beautiful governess in the world, twelve Great Danes and a Pekingese. It's a rip-roaring story, made so by little Jane and the Great Danes, but it demonstrates that a social snob has to be, among other things, very adaptable, and that love, as usual, conquers all. You'll like "On the Ladder."

—

THE next part of Gene Tunney's story is wholly concerned with his doings in France, including the winning of the light-heavyweight championship of the A. E. F., shortly after which he first heard of a promising young man named Jack Dempsey, who was matched to fight Jess Willard.

—

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE'S new novel gathers speed and ginger; Alan LeMay reaches the end of "Winter Range" and we make a place for P. G. Wodehouse the week following; Alexander Woollcott tells "How to Go to Japan;" K. S. Crichton writes a short story of show business and love, "A Flop in Des Moines;" Grantland Rice, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work, the Short Short Story are with us in habit-forming quantities.

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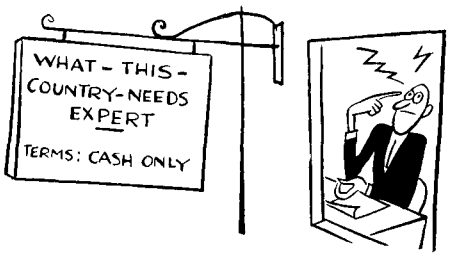
How WOULD YOU PLAY IT? We cold-deck our old friends, North and South.

Page 50—Editorials

Any Week

IT MAY have occurred to you as you read "Gland Time in Kansas" in Collier's recently that at least one of the gentlemen featured therein—Doc John R. Brinkley—is not the sort of person to permit opportunity to wander around unrecognized. The moment the doctor received his Collier's he signed off his radio station through which he was succoring the halt, the lame and the spiritually blind and telegraphed us:

"Am announcing and featuring Collier's over XER sorry you did not notify me could have sold 50,000 extra copies Kansas alone best wishes 1932 stop there will be hot time in Kansas and lots of fun this summer and fall."



OUR mail continues to reveal no unemployment in the What-This-Country-Needs industry—the most flourishing craft in the world today. Yet we notice regretfully a change in its followers. They used to send us their discoveries free; but now most of them, after advising us that they have found the golden formula, are demanding to know how much we will give for the secret.

—

WHICH makes us fear that we are getting mercenary. Alas, very few letter writers are like Mr. Lew Garnett of Denver, Colorado, or Miss Lily T. Quinn of Seattle, Washington. Mr. Garnett admits frankly that he doesn't know what this country needs. "But," he goes on, "I know what I need. I need a few more stories in Collier's by Damon Runyon."

—

AND Miss Quinn, having been about a bit herself as private secretary to three Captains of Industry, two of whom are now back in the ranks, gives it as her opinion that "a certain amount of bunk is discernible in deflated business as it was when the balloon was bumping the sun.

"This depression is a grand alibi for a number of men I know," she continues. "Their businesses were never any good anyway."

—

WE DISLIKE blahful wall mottoes as heartily as any of you. We are also disdainful of wisdom written on mountainsides. But we would not oppose a movement to affix to some highly visible peak a line sent to us by several of our eager readers who nominate it for perpetuation of some sort. It was written by Mr. Mark R. Byers in the Wisconsin State Journal.

"Peace," says the thoughtful Mr. Byers, "cannot be maintained against the sword if its friends lack the courage of soldiers."

—

"A TRUE prohibitionist," observes Mrs. Martin F. Scholz of Atlanta, Georgia, "is one who would rather pay increased taxes out of his own pocket than put the whole burden on the drinker."

And to think of all the Wets begging for the chance!

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The Gracious Lady

A new romantic novel

By Arthur Somers Roche

It seemed that this young woman, whom he had never seen before, had been waiting there always for him

THE Bartonia's smoke-room was crowded. The lounge was thronged. The café on the upper deck was still jammed with parties reluctant to leave a restaurant, where one could order—and obtain—the juice of grape or grain without fear of poison or police. Away up aloft, where deck tennis was played during the daytime, couples sought for privacy now. This was that moment of the transatlantic voyage when one felt as one feels when the audience begins to rustle, when ushers furtively open exits, when there remains only the final scene before the imminent curtain descends upon the play.

Tomorrow morning the Bartonia would drop anchor at Quarantine; a couple of hours later the big liner would be warped into its dock by fussily efficient little tugs. Fat husbands would greet slim wives; slim husbands would greet fat wives.

"Darling. I'll never cross again without you. I was so *lonely*."

"Well, think of me, sweating in New York, alone every night."

Thus their words, and it would be impolite to examine into their thoughts.

Proud parents would beam upon bored children.

"Did you miss us, darling, the way we missed you?"

"I nearly *died* without you."

A hug and a kiss and the parents' sacrifices would have been generously rewarded.

But tonight, though tomorrow's humdrum boredom loomed fearsomely ahead, though everyone knew that the last act was nearly over, there remained a few moments of interest, of excitement, of romance even, to savor, and greedily were the moments grasped. Some loved the sea and sniffed the salt air; others—respect for the law forbids their enumeration—clung to the good wine-flavored atmosphere inside, and others sought the promenade deck.

For every pop of a cork above, there was the chirrup of a kiss below; for every loud cry inside, there was a murmured whisper without. Tomorrow, taxiing over the rough cobblestones of West Street, bound for home, hotel or railroad station, everything would be as prosaic as only one's native land can seem after a trip abroad; but tonight—for those so minded—romance stalked the deck of the Bartonia.

Tomorrow the college boy returning from his vacation would seem callow. Tonight he seemed heroic. Tomorrow the dashing little blonde, who had seemed the epitome of all that was lovely tonight, would be a cheap little necker. But tonight was tonight and tomorrow was far away. Wine-lovers, sea-lovers, romance-lovers—in one of those three categories one could place every passenger—save one.

That one had been eyed by the blondes, invited by the drinkers, and placed at the captain's table. The romantic had wanted him for their own; the bibulous had heard tales of his capacity; and the captain knew his ability with a thirty-meter yacht.

BUT Dean Resolve had avoided romance, had declined liquor, and had managed to cut short, without any offense, the captain's desire to be loquacious about the sea.

He wanted to be alone and, from the moment he climbed from the tender at Cherbourg to B Deck of the Bartonia, he had avoided any and all sorts of companionship. Had he been anyone else than Dean Resolve, his acquaintances would have been indignant, would have accused him of snobbery.

But he was known to be the most democratic soul on earth. It was also known that a slight operation in June had been followed by a trip to Europe, and gossip had murmured that he hadn't stood the ether any too well, and that he had been recuperating or convalescing longer than had ever been expected.

Moreover, what a Resolve chose to do, a Resolve usually did. One can't snub a young man as securely placed as Dean Resolve. So the romantic sought easier game than this highly placed, popular and rich—he had talent, too, it was vaguely rumored—young bachelor; and the bibulous told each other that if a tough, two-fisted drinker had gone on the wagon it wasn't sporting to urge liquor upon him; and the captain told his submarine stories to the bishop's wife.

Easy-mannered but aloof, Resolve was courteous but persistent in his wish to be alone. And now, standing away up forward, where the breeze was too strong to be borne by the romantic-minded, he stared out into the night.

HE SAW the face of the Gracious Lady. How long had it been since, at first sight of her, he had so named her in his thoughts? Less than two years, yet it seemed that the Gracious Lady's face had been shadowy in his mental vision since as long as he could remember. It had seemed, when he entered the Kingstons' drawing-room, on that spring afternoon eighteen months ago, hot from golf and thirsting for a highball, that this young woman, whom he had never seen before, had been waiting there always for him.

He went over the scene of their meeting now as he had gone over it a thousand times since.

She was perched on a love-seat, and a cup of tea was in her hand. She was wearing—as every woman of that season was doing—a suit of house pajamas, and Resolve, who thought himself old-fashioned and liked his women in skirts, decided then and there that he had been stupid and that pajamas were the only possible tea-hour costume for lovely femininity.

The blackest of hair, with the faint-

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est of waves in it, made the smooth pallor of her cheeks and throat more pronounced. She wore no rouge and her lips were, apparently, only faintly touched by the universal lipstick of the day. Her brows were thin but clearly defined, and her lashes, which shaded the calmest of brown eyes, were long and curling. Her nose was straight and proud, her mouth tender and her chin firm. Her figure, the pajamas instantly informed one, was slim and straight and rounded properly.

She ought, with that raven hair and pale complexion, to look like the movie people's idea of a vampire. But there was something about her eyes, her sweet mouth, the frank openness of her countenance, that dismissed that idea at once from any head in which it had found lodgment.

Gracious. That was the word that had popped into Resolve's mind instantly. Oh, later he had thought of scores of adjectives: beautiful, adorable, fascinating, charming—but gracious seemed to fit her so perfectly that it never became supplanted by any other qualification.

The proud lift of her chin was softened, somehow, by the soft hollow a little below. The straightness of the body was mellowed by its roundness. The almost bold frankness of the calm brown eyes was leavened by the sweet tenderness of her mouth.

RESOLVE, thirsty, boisterous from the banter of his disgruntled opponents, had clasped Margery Kingston about her eminently claspable waist and waltzed her about the room.

"I took that baby boy of yours," he exulted, "for one-fifty."

"And *I* should give three cheers because Carter lost a golf match, eh?" said Margery. "I'm a loyal wife, Dean, and I could have used that one-fifty."

Resolve released her. He faced the laughing group that could always be found at the cocktail hour at the Kingstons'.

"I just don't understand wives," he complained. "Margery has said a hundred times that nothing bores her so much as listening to Carter tell how he won a match. And I beat him, so he can't bore her—"

"Good Lord, haven't you ever heard him tell how he *lost?*" demanded Margery.

She beamed on big, good-natured Carter Kingston.

"Now, don't sob over his defeat, Margery," drawled Wallie Curtis.

Margery Kingston blushed. Fifteen years of marriage had not dimmed the light of adoration in her eyes when she looked at her husband, nor had her husband ever ceased to regard her with a look of awed devotion.

"Bourgeois," said Claire Rentoff. "Go on, Margery, get it over with. Kiss that big, good-for-nothing lout of a husband of yours. You haven't seen each other for fully three hours and the separation has nearly killed you both."

Big Carter Kingston did as he always did when his friends jeered at him affectionately. He stood on one foot and then the other. He crimsoned from his freckled throat to his fiery red hair. Then, as always, he kissed his wife. They were, people said, the miracle of the generation; two attractive people, with money and many interests aside from domesticity, who loved each other, so far as the world could tell, with the same fervency that had carried them to the altar a decade and a half ago.

The ceremony of being reunited over, Margery, still crimson—she could no more become used to raillery than could her husband—turned back to Dean. She found him staring at the love-seat where Rita Clayborne was perched. And Rita Clayborne, friendly interest in her eyes, was looking at Resolve.

Something premonitory clutched at Margery Kingston's heart. So had she caught, just before we entered the war, Carter Kingston looking at her. She glanced at Rita Clayborne. The friendly interest in her eyes had changed to something more vital. Why hadn't Dean, lovable, brilliant Dean, met Rita before she made that incredible mistake of marrying Sam Clayborne?

RESOLVE, reviewing in his mind that meeting with Rita, could not know, of course, Margery Kingston's feelings as she introduced the two. He could remember, though, that there had been a limping hesitation in the presentation, and he had often wondered at it, for Margery Kingston was always the most suave of hostesses.

He remembered how he had stammered as he took the slender hand that Rita held out to him. He remembered that she had made room for him on the love-seat. He remembered his feeble efforts at talk—he, who was always so fluent of speech—and how, as though sensing his embarrassment, his Gracious Lady chatted gayly herself. He remembered the clear softness of her enunciation, the clear, high note of her laugh.

And then he remembered that he began to talk. He told her of his boyhood, of college, of his great desire to paint, and of how it had been necessary, because of his father's involved affairs, for him to abandon art for business; of how those business affairs had been straightened out very quickly, and how he had lost that urge for artistic expression, and how he sometimes regretted it. He told her of sailing his yacht to victory in the international races; he told her of how his broken shoulder had stopped his polo, but—oddly—seemed to have improved his golf. He chatted as he had never chatted before, and stopped suddenly, to find himself holding a highball glass in his hand. He had been holding it, he guessed, for an hour. He lifted it to his lips.

"Must you?" she had asked.

"Drink this? You don't like drinking?"

"I've heard about you, Mr. Resolve," she said.

It would have been incredibly fresh from any other woman. But from her it seemed the natural—the obvious—remark of a dear friend.

He put the highball glass down on a table.

"You'll never hear about me again," he said.

HE KNEW he meant it. Amazingly, he knew that she knew he meant it. There had sprung up between them, instantly, that odd camaraderie, that full and gentle understanding that requires for full blossoming, ordinarily, years of acquaintance.

"Thank you," she had said.

"Thank *you*," he replied. "It's a stupid habit. I only did it until you came along."

His words were fresh, as one looked back at them. But they hadn't been meant that way, nor had she taken them that way. Wordlessly, without touching each other save in that formal handclasp that accompanied introduction, they both knew.

She didn't even color as the implications of his speech must have taken form in her mind. She knew. Even as he knew.

And then the scene faded from Dean's mind, to be replaced by those hundred other scenes that followed it. His meeting with her husband, that stupid, greedy man who, overwhelmed by her beauty of face and body, could never penetrate the beauty of her spirit. They had been married five years—she was two years younger than Resolve who was at that time twenty-six—and her husband was thirty-five. Sam Clayborne had met her as she came out from finishing school, at her début. She knew hardly anyone in New York, and was presented to society by a grasping aunt. That aunt, awed by the Clayborne name and money, had rushed her into a marriage which the girl had regretted instantly.

Not that Clayborne, despite his greed, had been at first impossible. As a suitor, hiding his stupidity behind a veneer of cosmopolitanism, he had dazzled the girl fresh from finishing school. But before the honeymoon was ended he had shown himself to be vain, harsh, vindictive, jealous. It had taken months for Dean to find out these things. Confidences regarding her husband had come reluctantly from lips that made a fetish of loyalty. Resolve had heard, during those months, limitless contemptuous gossip about Clayborne, and Rita had—many times unwittingly—confirmed the word of rumor.

And then had come the day when he had put into words the longing of his heart. Would she divorce Clayborne and marry him? And he was returning now for his answer. She had told him to go away for six months; to let her think. He was returning for his answer now.

HE BREATHED deeply of the night sea air. He climbed down three flights of stairs and entered his cabin. There, propped against a dresser, was a radiogram. He reached for it eagerly. His fingers trembled as he opened it. Perhaps she was telling him now, so his last night of travel might be made happier. He tore the envelope open.

"Sweet of you, Dean, but I don't care for you enough to marry you."

And it was signed, not by Rita Clayborne, his Gracious Lady, but by Jinny Carpenter.

His first impulse was to laugh, so great was the reaction upon finding that the rejection was not from Rita. Although the phraseology of the wireless ought to have told him that it was not from Rita before his eyes had dropped to the signature appended. Rita would not so casually have dismissed a matter that had agitated them both since their first meeting.

Then he frowned. Jinny Carpenter—gay little Jinny—was not given to

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"Afraid?" sneered Clayborne. "No, not afraid," Dean replied. "Well, you'd better be," said Clayborne

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

stupid jokes. When Jinny played, there was genuine gayety in her play; nothing of banality crept into her jesting. Nor was she given to practical jokes. Why, then, had Jinny sent him such a message? To radio a good friend that you wouldn't marry him, when thought of marriage had never entered that friend's mind—and certainly mention of it had never crossed his lips—was in rather bad taste.

And if Jinny Carpenter possessed any good qualities at all—and she possessed nothing else—good taste stood high among them.

He sat down on the edge of his bed and stared at the porthole. What was the idea? Knowing Jinny the way he did—they'd been friends for half a dozen years—he couldn't account for the wireless. Except in one way: Jinny honestly thought she was answering a proposal. But what would make her think that? He'd written her a chatty, casual letter from Paris. But it was the sort of letter that he might have written to any girl of his acquaintance:

"Ran across Billy Wilkins at Ciro's. Saw Elfie Cowan at the Ritz."

That sort of letter. A letter that Jinny would answer or not as she happened to feel about it. The sort of letter that Jinny would write him from Palm Beach, or Aiken, or Hot Springs. Friends who kept in touch. That was all. And now she was sending him a wire, so casually phrased that he knew it must be from her, refusing to marry him.

There was only one possible explanation: someone had written Jinny—no, that was wrong; his handwriting could not have been imitated—someone had cabled her, proposed to her, and signed the name of Dean Resolve to the message. As cheap and mean a thing as could be done; as low a form of practical joke as had ever been perpetrated. The sort of joke that people refrained from playing on the hot-tempered Dean Resolve, and that anyone with decency should have forborne playing upon Jinny Carpenter.

HE WONDERED who could have done it. Thank God, he didn't believe he knew anyone of his friends who would be mucker enough for that kind of a trick. Some stranger, then; some casual acquaintance? But what stranger or slight acquaintance would pick upon Jinny? Why Jinny more than any other girl of a dozen or so?

He gave it up in angry bewilderment. Then through anger crept another emotion, difficult of definition. It wasn't resentment, it wasn't regret. Perhaps it was pique. Why should Jinny be so cavalier in rejecting a proposal of whose genuineness she could have had no doubt? Had she doubted for a second the authenticity of the proposal, her reply—if she had made any—would have contained a query. Instead, it was a flat refusal.

There wasn't even any surprise in her refusal. She might have been a trifle amazed that an old chum, who had never encroached by word or action—or glance, for that matter—upon the borders of tenderness, should suddenly suggest marriage.

But women, of course, were different in their emotional reactions from men. Women knew that love is frequently a flower that bursts into full bloom without any premonitory budding. Jinny Carpenter was a lovely thing; Dean supposed that half a dozen eligible bachelors had wanted to marry her, and probably a score of ineligibles had tried their luck.

No, Jinny wouldn't need an oversupply of conceit to find it credible that Dean Resolve had suddenly found himself aching for her. The little minx, accustomed to spreading death and destruction among the males of her milieu, would find it almost natural that any of them, even her chum Dean, would one day want to marry her.

But she needn't have been quite so abrupt about it. "Sweet of you, Dean, but I don't care enough—"

He might have offered her another caviar sandwich, or a lift from the golf course. Well, when he saw her tomorrow or next day he'd raise cain with her for the insouciance of her rejection. For, of course, he'd have to tell her that it wasn't he who had sent the message.

Lord! Suppose her reply had been different. Suppose she had accepted him? But she hadn't, so why worry about that? Only, Jinny knew—*must* know—that he was head over heels in love with Rita Clayborne.

People forebore commenting on his infatuation for Rita, but he knew, from a hundred little things, that everyone in his world was completely aware of the fact that he cared for Rita. Not even to Jinny, that gay companion of the golf course, the yacht, and the dance floor, had Rita's name been mentioned save casually; nor had Jinny ever spoken of the Gracious Lady save in the same nonchalant fashion.

Yet she knew, as everyone else knew. And knowing, why had she assumed, no matter what message had purported to come from him, that his heart had strayed from its only altar?

RITA! Tomorrow he would call on her. He would learn from her whether or not the flame of love still burned brightly. And he knew that it still did. She had sent him away, not because she doubted the fervency or endurance of her love, but because—bless her—she had thought that absence might work some change in him, and wanted him to find out about himself. They had agreed not to write, not to cable. He had told her that he would be on the Bartonia. That was six months ago, but the date of his return must be graven on her heart as it had been graven on his.

He would call on her. He would receive her answer. If Clayborne refused to grant her that divorce for which she had every right to ask, then Clayborne would be made to free her.

His jaw hardened as he contemplated this angle. It was not the first time he had thought of it. But stubbornness on the part of Clayborne—the man didn't love Rita; he loved only himself—was merely an obstacle, and any obstacle can be surmounted if one has the proper determination.

He had completely forgotten about the message from Jinny Carpenter when, finally, he fell asleep. Nor was it anywhere save in the dim back of his mind when, the customs formalities concluded next morning, he piled into a taxi and gave the driver the address of Resolve and Company, on Madison Avenue. For Resolve was a dutiful son. Even before he telephoned Rita, he would call upon his father.

He told his taxi man to wait and entered the lobby. The elevator starter squinted at him, then grinned in recognition. He thrust out a large hand.

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Resolve."

"Glad to *be* back, Charley," said Dean. "Happen to know if my father is in his office?"

"Would I be missing him?" jeered the starter. "Sure, he's upstairs now. Ye're lookin' well."

"Feeling fine," said Dean.

AT THE twelfth floor he entered the offices of the concern that, in the six years from twenty to twenty-six, he had done so much to put on its feet, the concern for which he had abandoned hope of a college degree and of doing something in the way of painting. He supposed he ought to feel a certain pride that he had been as promising a young real estate man as could be found in New York.

But the business had not interested him. Apartments, renting, building, mortgages—they had their place, but he hated them. Usually, he guessed, people like the thing they can do well, but it had been different with him. He

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Illustrated by Joseph Simont

A black baby ram they had made a pet of came over. He pulled at its woolly forehead

Romance Preferred

When a girl yearns for love in a cottage, a palace or two will do her no harm

By Diana Bourbon

BY THE time the train drew into Jenbach, and she had scrambled to her feet, and out over the fat knees of innumerable fat Austrian farm *Frauen* nursing fatter market baskets, Dodo was feeling much better.

It had, she reflected, been very unkind of Bill to produce such an atmosphere of depression just because she wanted—for a week at most (or two, or three)—to get away from them all. And off by herself to have a rest.

Penthouses in New York, and waterside palaces on Long Island . . . whole carriages in trains de luxe, and resplendent hotels all over Europe were well enough in their way, but as a steady diet that way palled. Undeniably.

She had had it out, and settled, with her family in Munich two days ago. Why then should Bill take it upon himself to raise objections? Trailing all the way into Innsbruck after her for the sake of further argument. . . . Saying it was unsafe and unsuitable and unheard of?

So long as her family— But then, of course, her family were long-suffering and well trained, whereas Bill . . .

Good old Bill—he was *such* a bore! Always wanting her to marry him and settle down. Always hanging on, invincibly obstinate and determined. And so deplorably suitable in every way! Where, Dodo asked herself, was there any romance about Bill? And she resolutely shut her mind on the impression of Mr. William Endicott, Jr., of New York and Newport, standing hat in hand on the platform at Innsbruck, looking up at her with that puzzled, defeated look she always seemed to put there, in his rather fishy gray eyes.

Was it, she wondered, because he really loved her that Bill hung on? Or just because, having once closed his limpet-like mind on the idea of marrying her, he was congenitally incapable of letting it go? Emily Sands would be pretty glad, of course, if he'd let it go. . . . And then how could anyone—even Bill—love someone he didn't know? Bill most certainly didn't know *her*, the real her. . . .

IN THE end she'd not even told him where she was bound for—and he had stood, looking after her, with an expression of almost comic frustration on his round face, till the train was out of sight.

Too bad of Bill. Really, she did hate arguments. . . .

And now at the station at Jenbach, a contingent of Austrian farm Frauen having already departed up the road, there was only too obviously no one. Outside the station, one decrepit little car was parked in the shadows. Dodo put down the suitcase—wrestling with luggage was the primitive joy she probably least enjoyed at any time—and moved toward that car, hesitantly.

Suddenly, out of the gloom, a young man came striding. He was tall and slim, and wore the abbreviated velours shorts of the country, with their embroidered harness. Bare knees. Little Tyrolese hat, sporting a feather on one side. . . . When he was near enough, he stopped and inspected her, coolly and deliberately.

At last: "You're American—am I right?" he demanded in perfect English. "What are you doing here? Ought someone to have met you? Are you looking for anything—in particular?"

"I thought you were a native," countered Dodo pertly, pointedly eying his attire. This young man was getting in first with her own sort of line. It had got to be stopped. But he only laughed good-humoredly at her thrust and, pleasurably observing that he was very handsome, she went on with a rush.

"Yes, I'm American. And you're English. And it's a fine evening. No one ought to have met me. And I want to get up to Achensee tonight. . . . All right with you?"

"Notably. I'll take you." And as she started to protest, "Don't be idiotic, my good woman. It's the only way you'll get there at all at this hour, and I'm going anyway. . . . No, the lake steamer and the mountain railway don't even *start* running until summer. You could wait of course—it'd be two months. Or, if you prefer it, you can spend the night at one of the local *Gasthäuser*, and I'll send mine host from the inn down to fetch you in the morning. His car is more presentable than mine, so you might like that better. It's American, too."

BUT he hadn't really waited to hear. Running on amiably, he somehow bestowed both Dodo and her baggage in his crazy vehicle, which noisily protested against the lading. And now, with a loud honking, a grinding of gears, and a terrific scattering of dust and geese—they were off.

"What are you doing here?" the young man shouted above the din.

"Having a cheap holiday divorced from family cares!" she shouted back.

"Me too. Exactly." He grinned at her appreciatively, and they drove on in silence.

For nearly an hour they climbed steadily . . . most of the time perpendicularly. Crossing and recrossing murmurous waterfalls and streams. And bounding over loose rocks.

"Arabella always has a rest here,"

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he announced suddenly, coming to a halt on a fairly level piece of ground. "She boils over on that last stretch, purposely, and so I have had to cultivate an admiration for Alpine scenery to console myself."

"Not very hard," conceded Dodo, looking round.

"No. Only it annoys me for Arabella to get the upper hand like that. By the way, my name's Jeffery. What's yours?"

"Dodo."

"Nice. That part of it. Dodo what?"

For just a split second she hesitated. The McCutcheon steel trust, the McCutcheon engines, the McCutcheon interests, were too well known ever to escape identification. And this was such a promising, such an enticing, romantic adventure.

"BROWNE," she said then, a little low. "Browne with an *e*, you know. We're very particular about the *e*. Tell me *your* last name."

"Bently," said Jeffery negligently. It conveyed nothing to Dodo. In a minute they started up Arabella.

Straight on now, skirting the shore of the tranquil Achensee nestling in its cup of mountains far above Jenbach. Just where the wayside shrines grew thickest, and multicolored wild flowers made a thick carpet over the grazing fields. Halfway up the slopes they yielded to black pine trees, which in turn gave way to the eternal snows.

"It's *beautiful* . . ." whispered Dodo suddenly, awed by its stillness and solemnity.

"So beautiful that it hurts," agreed the laughing clown of a minute before, stealing a quick sideways glance at her. "I'm glad it takes you like that—you might have been only good for laughing with."

"Whereas now?"

"We're going to be great friends."

Pretty self-confident . . . but who could break into this enchanted mood to tell him so?

SHE looked instead at his fine, nervous hands on the wheel . . . slim and tapering. Very different from Bill's hands. Bill didn't have those quick mood changes, either, from grave to gay and back again as fast as she herself could go, or that keen emotional appreciation of beauty, especially natural beauty, come upon suddenly.

They drew up now outside a large wooden chalet labeled "Hotel" that stood down by the lake shore, with its own little landing stage running out into deep water. Back of it, dimly made out, a topsy-turvy, backdrop village squatted among the wild flowers. From inside the inn came the sound of men's voices, singing.

"Listen!" He laid his hand on her arm.

Some magic that touch and the spring night distilled between them. Dodo caught her breath. Trembled. For a second their eyes met and clung together. Then abruptly both tore themselves free of the spell. The man fell upon his horn, making the night hideous. The inn door flew open upon a rustic group waving beer mugs in the yellow lamplight. The host, the porter, rushed out to welcome the newcomer. Studiously avoiding each other's glance, the two young people followed them into the inn.

Spring night was not the only magic in the Tyrol that year, though. A week stretched into three—into a month. And still they lingered.

WALKING, climbing, exploring, playing, talking together—in a long enchantment, oblivious of the outside world. And still something held the girl back from a confession of her own identity. Some unaccountable diffidence—or perhaps it was her relish of their simple, mutual acceptance of poverty. The novelty of counting pennies . . . especially in couples. What would discovery do to that—her revelation of herself as one of the world's richest heiresses?

And so they walked and climbed and explored and talked, while a month slipped into six weeks, and the Tyrol summer drew near. Extra servants appeared from nowhere, and the deserted inn they had had to themselves for so long prepared for holiday crowds.

"I love you in white!" Jeffery told her one evening, sitting among the wild flowers. "Dark people should always wear white. And I love the sleek straightness of your hair. Do you know it's so black that it's almost blue? . . . and people with blue hair should never have it curled. . . ."

No one had ever talked to her like that.

A black baby ram they had made a pet of came loping over and butted against him as he sat. He pulled at its woolly forehead, and stood up.

"It's hell to be poor," he observed with a sudden vicious intensity. "God! It's hell to be poor!"

"Is it?" said Dodo. "I mean—" catching herself up. For a moment she had trembled on the brink of revelation. "I mean—I don't believe I'd ever let money matter that much to me."

"Sometimes," said Jeffery sardonically, "you're very young. Aren't you?"

SHE flushed a little. His voice sounded hard and scornful—and unlike himself. "Do you really mind being poor? As much as that?"

"Terribly," said Jeffery. "Always!"

"Then . . ." she was bewildered. She really wanted to understand. "Why not do something about it? *Make* some money for yourself? What's the use just sitting down hating a thing if you do nothing about it?"

"Determined to go on being young, aren't you?" (This was the first jarring note in their friendship.)

"It's *not* young, to think a man should fend for himself, and make his own way. Or if it is, then the whole of America is young too."

"All right. Then you're being American. . . . How can *I* make money?"

"Work!" His attitude revolted her, so she sounded contemptuous.

"Oh, if you mean get myself a job—I've one of those already . . . of a sort. How else do you suppose I keep myself together with Bently eating its head off in taxes? But you can't *make* anything at the sort of job I'm fitted for. Not what *I* mean by money, that is. . . . In the sort of quantities that would do *me* any good."

"But why do you need so much . . . just for you alone?"

"Great Scott! *I'm* not the expense. My tastes are simple—I should think you'd know that now. It's Bently—"

"Who—"

(Continued on page 48)

"I want you to meet my fiancé, Mr. William Endicott," she said abruptly

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A Man Must Fight

Here, in the second round of Gene Tunney's story of his life, he tells of his fight to fight with the fighting marines, of his early brawls with rib-smashing bruisers. And better, of the night in France when he thought of what a fool a man is to fight at all

By Gene Tunney

Gene Tunney, U. S. Marine Corps—a picture made in France, 1918

AMONG those not present at that first professional fight of mine was my father. Although he had admired Corbett, Fitzsimmons and some of the older champions, and though he had given me the first set of gloves I ever had on, he did not relish the notion of my being a professional boxer. He never came to see me box, though he lived until after my second match with Harry Greb in 1923. Dad never made a habit of attending boxing matches despite his admiration for the old champions. When I asked him why he did not come he said: "Do you think I would be happy seeing you bleeding?"

I said, "Yes, but I didn't get a scratch."

His reply was, "But how was I to know that beforehand? You take your mother's and my advice and do not do this thing any more. Just consider yourself lucky not having gotten a scratch this time. This kind of luck won't continue, if you make further attempts."

Yet, in later days, though he steadfastly remained away, I know he was very proud to think that his son was climbing successfully.

As an illustration of his later attitude toward my career, upon seeing me for the first time after the first Greb match when most of the bruises and discolorations I sustained in that fight had left my face, he said, "Gene, why did you let Greb beat you?"

"What does a beating mean when you receive $22,000 for it?" I replied.

"It doesn't make any difference whether you received twenty-two million dollars; you were beaten. You shouldn't have let Greb do that!" he answered.

I did no professional boxing for a year after the Dawson bout, but I kept increasing in strength by constant boxing with Willie Green and others, and doing the work required of me as athletic instructor.

At the end of a year the president of the Villagers' Athletic Club came and asked me to take a bout at the Fairmont Athletic Club. He told me that one of the boys had bought a new ten-ton truck and had offered to take all the gang to the Fairmont Athletic Club if Willie Ward or I would take a fight. Moreover, he thought it about time for the club to get a little more publicity. The prospect of winning appealed to me.

I accepted a six-round match and the gang from Greenwich Village came up in the truck with my name printed on cheesecloth banners on all sides. I had seen many matches in the Fairmont Club as a spectator and had noticed and heard all that went on and was said, but when I got into the dressing-room for this match it seemed that I had borrowed ears and gotten added vision.

The dressing-room was situated under the bleachers, which rose from the floor. The heels and calves of the spectators' legs furnished part of the ceiling of the dressing-room. The long planks that were the seats made up the rest of the ceiling. Now, if you think the remarks of the spectators are clever and sanguinary, you should hear them from a dressing-room, particularly when you are waiting to have the attendant say, "All right, get ready to get into the ring."

Dressing-Room Tremors

On this particular night, I sat, if not in fear, certainly in trembling. The remarks seemed to be doubly loud, penetrating and cruel. As the attendant put his head in through the door of my dressing-room and shouted his inevitable "All right, Tunney," a hoarse voice from some part of the ceiling shouted, "Bring on the butchers!"

I can testify that one lamblike butcher crawled through the ropes on that occasion. I was very timid. The dressing-room scene of the last Charlie Chaplin picture, City Lights, is not an exaggeration in the slightest. Dressing-rooms are that way. So are the gladiators.

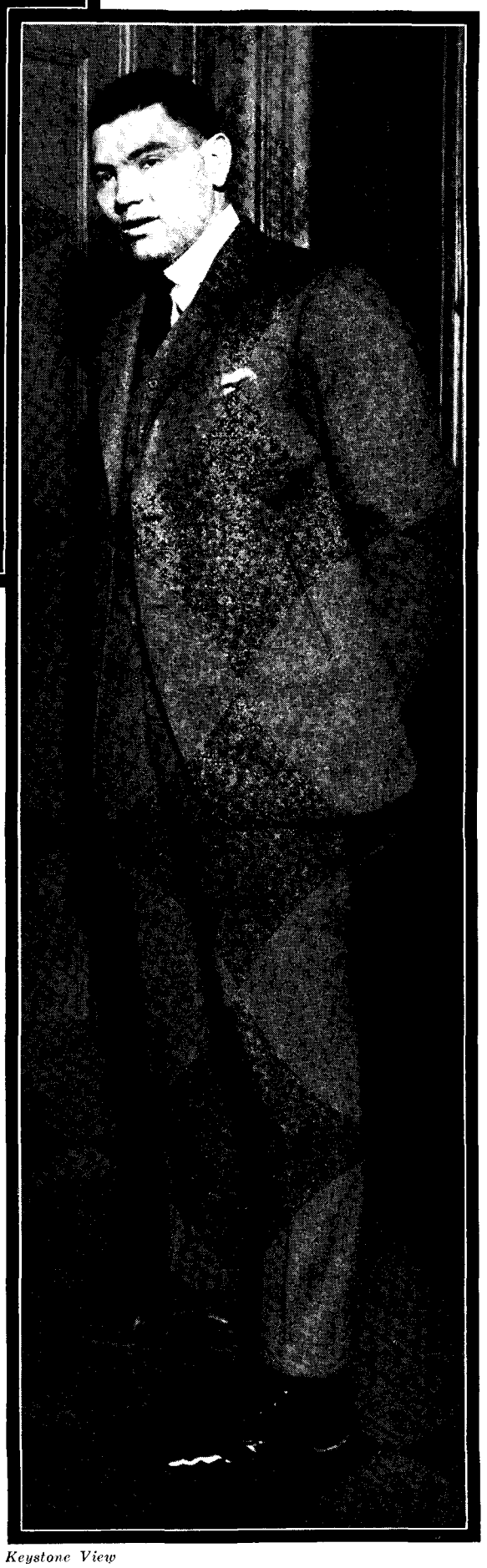
My opponent was one Billy Rowe, whose real name is Kostnick. He was managed, curiously enough, by Lou Brix, loyal associate of mine during my championship days. Rowe is now a New York City fireman. He tried to live up to the designation "butcher," for he rushed at the tall, thin, gangling, white-faced youngster who idled out from my corner. Apparently, too, he was well known at the Fairmont Athletic Club, for a voice close to the ring shouted, "Come on, Billy, break a couple more ribs."

Rowe had broken three ribs of his opponent a week before. Fortunately, I saw his wild swing coming in the direction of my left side and dropped my elbow in time to stop the blow, which I am certain, had it landed, would have added to his reputation as a rib-breaker. I stepped about, and now that the fight had actually started, lost much of my nervousness. After taking six or seven straight lefts between the eyes, he forgot most of his rib-breaking proclivities, and covered up during most of the six rounds. This was a no-decision fight.

As I stepped down from the ring, my ribs and reputation intact, I heard one of the occupants of a box close to the ring shout to a person in another box, "Fast and clever, but no punch." I considered this a complimentary remark, particularly coming from an apparently dyed-in-the-wool fight fan.

It might be pertinent to mention that the Fairmont Athletic Club was the plaything of the then politically prominent and wealthy Billy Gibson. Billy, who had many business irons in the fire, ran the Fairmont Athletic Club as a hobby. The matchmaker was Tom McArdle, lately matchmaker for Madison Square Garden. If Gibson saw me that night I know I made no impression on him, for later when I became associated with him he said, "No, I don't remember ever seeing you in the Fairmont Club." But why should the then "Mayor of the Bronx" remember a preliminary boxer?

With the few dollars I got for this match I bought two sets of boxing gloves for the recreation center, as the



Keystone View

Jack Dempsey in 1919, just prior to the fight with Willard in which he won the championship

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board of education refused to supply gloves for any municipal gymnasium.

Because many Greenwich Villagers had found their way to the Fairmont Club that night to see their neighbor box, thereby helping to swell the gate-receipts, Tom McArdle asked Billy Jacobs a month later to get me to box again. So Jacobs, assisted by O'Brien and Willie Green, persuaded me to take another six-round match.

I had now begun to feel the ecstasy of victory. It was as great after the victory over Dawson and Rowe as it later was over Greb, Gibbons and Dempsey. This ecstasy is measured by the importance one lends each effort. The Dawson and the Rowe matches, as physical efforts, were just as important to me as the later outstanding matches of my career.

The Thrills of Victory

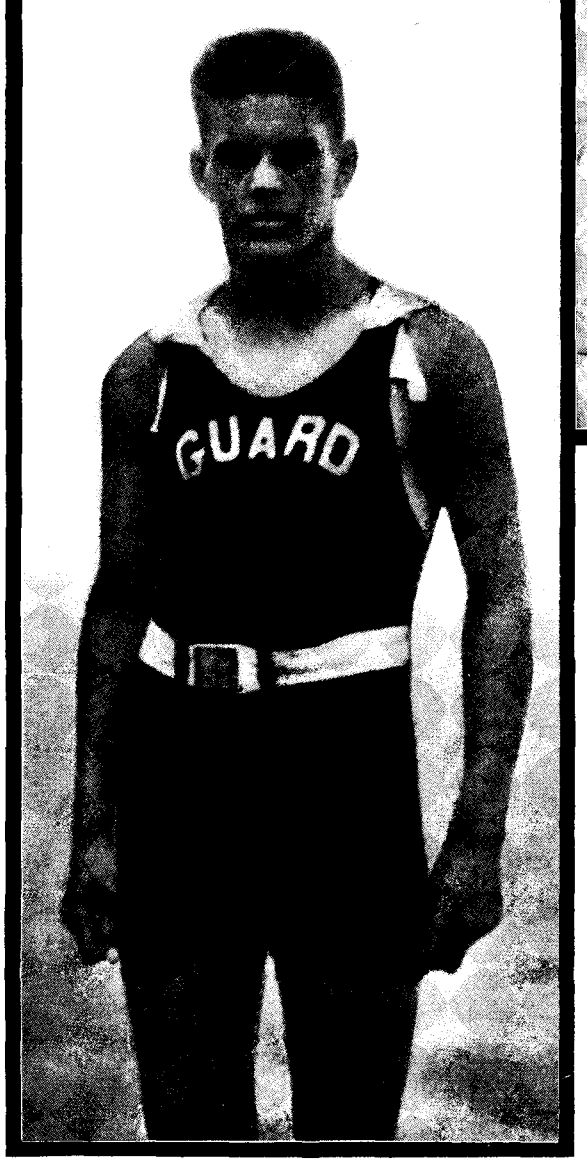
There is something glorious about victory. Unless one has felt the experience of the victory that follows a contest between two evenly matched and well-trained men, it will be hard for him to understand the fascination of this emotion. Most people are interested in contrasts. I am more interested in those people that experience the heights and depths than the people who travel an even path through life. The former are colorful.

After those matches which were not important enough to be entered in the boxing records, I experienced the heights. I was captivated. I accepted the advice of my three mentors to box again one month later without much persuasion. My opponent was George Lahey, who was a tall, rugged, good-hitting middleweight from the Bronx. He had a large personal following, all of which seemed to be present that night offering their idol advice and encouragement.

In the first round Lahey landed a long right swing right on my nose. The blood did not stop flowing until the end of the fifth round. Billy Joh, the official referee at the Fairmont, came over to my corner at the end of the third and, fearing he was looking me over before making up his mind to stop the contest on account of loss of blood, I got up from my chair and said: "Mr. Joh, please don't stop this fight. This blood is nothing. I will knock him out before the fight is over."

Joh evidently was impressed, for he let the contest continue, and though I pummeled Lahey all over the ring in the sixth round I was unable to knock him out.

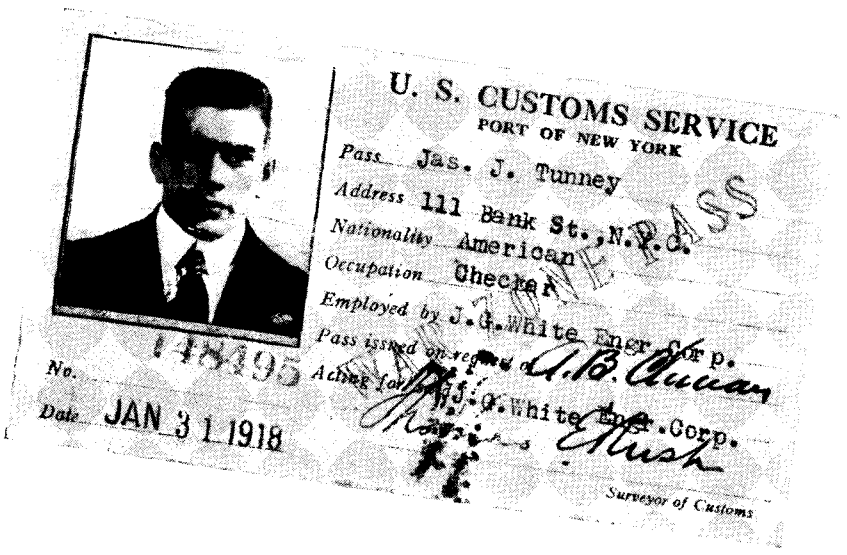
Again I had added to my experience, for, though losing the early part of the fight, I had turned the tide of battle and all but won by a knockout. This was interesting. It added to my knowledge of myself. Following this match, I had, for the first time, a real desire to go into the ring. I wanted to fight George Lahey again.



International Newsreel Photo

Tommy Loughran receiving the bronze trophy annually awarded the fighter considered the greatest asset to boxing, which Tunney first won in 1928

Life Guard Tunney, at Keansburg Beach, New Jersey, in 1917



A war-zone pass issued in 1918 when Tunney was checking airplane parts at a New Jersey pier

Meanwhile, I accepted an offer from Pop Kirk, who ran the new Polo A. A. at 129th Street and Park Avenue. Often as I pass this building on my way to and from my home in Stamford, Conn., I think of that hot July night in 1916 when I pummeled K. O. Jaffee about the ring for ten rounds to the delight of my many friends who had come up from Greenwich Village and from the offices of the Ocean Steamship Company. Some of the Greenwich Village boys had never been that far away from home before.

Settling an Old Score

During the entire contest Jaffee landed but one blow. Contemplating this later, I began to believe that I must be quite a boxer, but could not be persuaded entirely to leave the peaceful pursuits of rate-clerk at the Ocean Steamship Company to follow the dubious profession of boxing. Though I thought in those days that I had a most desirable and lucrative position with the Ocean Steamship Company, I would not do the work now for $1,000 a week that I did in those days for $17. Anybody who thinks classifying freight, figuring the cheapest rates and railroad routes and watching changes in rates and classifications of the Interstate Commerce Commission is easy—well, I will recommend him for my old job.

However, again the inevitable Billy Jacobs, who had just acquired Miner's Eighth Avenue Theater for one night a week to hold boxing matches, came to me the latter part of November and asked me to take a match at his new club to help get the people of the Village acquainted with the fact that he was then promoting at Miner's Theater. I told him I was interested in boxing no one but George Lahey and if he could get him I would box at his club. I felt I had an old score to settle with George.

Jacobs said, "I can get him but will you box another fellow for me if I do?" I replied, "If Lahey is surely one of the opponents I will box twice." The bargain was made and subsequently Lahey, who seemed to be just as eager as I, found himself facing me in the ring again. My reaction after the first contest proved accurate, for I knocked Lahey out in three rounds. To finish my second part of the bargain I had to meet Young Guarini, of Hoboken, whom I knocked out in four rounds. I weighed 150 pounds for this bout, which took place on December 15, 1916. Guarini learned in the first round that he had overmatched himself and proceeded to try losing on a foul. I did not know about aluminum cups in those days and took the most awful pummeling around the groin for three rounds. Finally Mr. Guarini went down, where he remained for ten seconds. He quit.

I continued my basketball and other games and forgot about boxing for several months. In March of the following year, while I was jumping center for the Villagers' Athletic Club's basketball team, I injured my left elbow. For a long time the injury did not seem important but later as the pain increased and my left arm began to shrink in size, I went to see a doctor who mistakenly put the elbow in a plaster cast for six weeks. The muscular atrophy continued and when the cast was removed my left arm was only half the size of my right. X-ray and fluoroscopic examinations were made but shed no light on the trouble.

Congress had declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany on April 6, 1917. In May I decided to join the service. Upon submitting to a physical and medical examination at the Marine recruiting station in East Twenty-third Street, I was rejected because of the injury to my left arm, which was beginning to resemble a form of paralysis.

I was terribly disappointed. I then determined to get the proper medical treatment that would put my arm into shape. I wanted to be a marine. The marine slogan of "First to Fight!" and the definition of a marine which I had gleaned from a pamphlet picked up at a recruiting tent in City Hall Park fascinated me. "A marine is a two-fisted fighting man!" I read. Enough.

Not Sufficient Authority

I changed my doctors and was advised what the arm needed was immediate exercise and sunshine. Whereupon I got a job as life guard for the summer season at Keansburg, New Jersey, quitting the office staff of the Ocean Steamship Company. This was in June, 1917.

I discovered during the season that the title "life guard" was no misnomer. One had to save lives. The vacationists and visitors to Keansburg frequently overtaxed canoes and themselves, keeping the retired rate-clerk busy hauling them out of the tepid waters.

Just before the season closed, when the prospect of acceptance by the marine medical examiner was very bright, I had the indiscretion to put the gloves on with one of the boys on the beach. A feeble left starting for the face was slipped, and in countering with a right my friend hit me right on the elbow. This bent the arm backward, causing it to drop limply at my side. It was as badly injured as it had been at its worst. This was most disheartening. The world

(Continued on page 40)

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What Business

Collier's, in a series of articles, invited the merchants of this country to describe what they were doing to improve trade when faced with the chal-

IN ONE of our large Southern cities a group of wholesale produce merchants decided that the way to meet the depression was to form an association, forgather once a week and discuss their mutual problems. It didn't take long for the meetings to develop into a lodge of sorrow. The boys sat around and talked about what a terrible guy Hoover turned out to be, how the state government was just another big dealer in dark blue paint, how they should lay off trucks, discharge help and cut wages and who were the cheapest bankruptcy lawyers in town. One of the members got tired of listening to this dirge. So one day at the end of the funeral services he said:

"Good-by! You can take this as my resignation from this wake. I'll never be back."

Then he rushed back to his place of business in a kind of frenzy of irritation and called all his employees together.

"Listen," he said, rubbing his hands together, "I have just discovered that business is good. In fact, I want you fellows to share it with me. Everybody's salary is raised five per cent beginning next week. Now the first man that talks depression around this place again will be fired. Tell people who come in here that your business is good. It is good. Your business is earning your salary. And you've just got a raise. Is that good business? What is more, I'll hand out another raise as soon as things get better."

Then he had the store painted freshly and in bright colors. He had all his trucks refinished in brilliant hues. Everybody went to work. They even began polishing up the potatoes. The celery was arranged in beautiful bunches like bouquets. The whole atmosphere of the place changed from one of gloom to one of brightness and cheer. Dealers liked to come there because it made them feel better. This is not a piece of fiction invented for the purpose of beginning an article. It is a fact and it is also a verifiable fact that the business of that concern in the month of August, 1931, was forty-one per cent ahead of August, 1930, and that September, 1931, was the biggest month since September, 1925.

In the meantime the lodge of sorrow is still holding its weekly meetings, talking about the depression.

The facts of this little business comedy were told to me in a letter written to Collier's by a business man who had read the series of articles, "Business is What You Make It," and the invitation issued by Collier's to merchants to write in and tell of their experiences.

Letters came to Collier's by the hundreds from every part of the United States and from men in every line of business. No matter what state one selects or what line of business, examples can be found of men who have not only resisted the effects of the depression but actually have prospered as never before.

Making Business Behave

Here is a department store in Texas which in October, when everything seemed to be darkest everywhere else, was doing not only the biggest week's business in its history but in that month did a business one third again as large as in October, 1930. Here is a great furniture store in New York City which looked the depression squarely in the face in 1929 and as a result did, in 1930, two million dollars more business than in the preceding year and sold to fifty per cent more customers.

Here is a little country newspaper in Pennsylvania that, when most of its contemporaries were wailing and gnashing their teeth, increased its business through last summer by over fifty-two per cent. Here is a large automobile parts dealer in Jackson, Michigan, who increased his business twelve per cent in 1930 and put on another increase in 1931. Out in Idaho, where the farmers have been having a serious time of it, a farmers' coöperative creamery almost doubled its business and actually went from something like depression before our present depression started to real prosperity since.

There is perhaps nothing which is more irritating to a business man whose business is declining than to tell him he can make it better by laughing instead of crying and by talking prosperity instead of depression. There has been a lot of talk about "smiling through" and all that sort of thing which is very properly labeled as bunk. You can't just smile at a bank overdraft and turn it into a balance. You can't just smile at a bankrupt customer and induce him to pay his bills. You can't get rid of a depression by singing songs of good cheer. The countless letters from merchants which I have read reveal not so much cases of smiling as of not crying; not so much cases of singing as of not quitting. Many of these letters tell the story of some little grocer or some small hardware dealer in a stricken farm country or some automobile parts dealer in a city overwhelmed by unemployment, who in spite of the encircling gloom has kept his courage and who bravely and resolutely tackled the problem of forcing business to be good; who has refused to think of himself as freezing at Valley Forge; who has refused to be sorry for himself, and who has found a new way to a sounder and more enduring prosperity.

Last summer I made a trip to every section of the United States for Collier's, interviewing merchants about business. I was looking for successful merchants only. I wanted to ask them what made them successful at a time like the present when everybody was howling about hard times. As a result, in each city I visited I was directed

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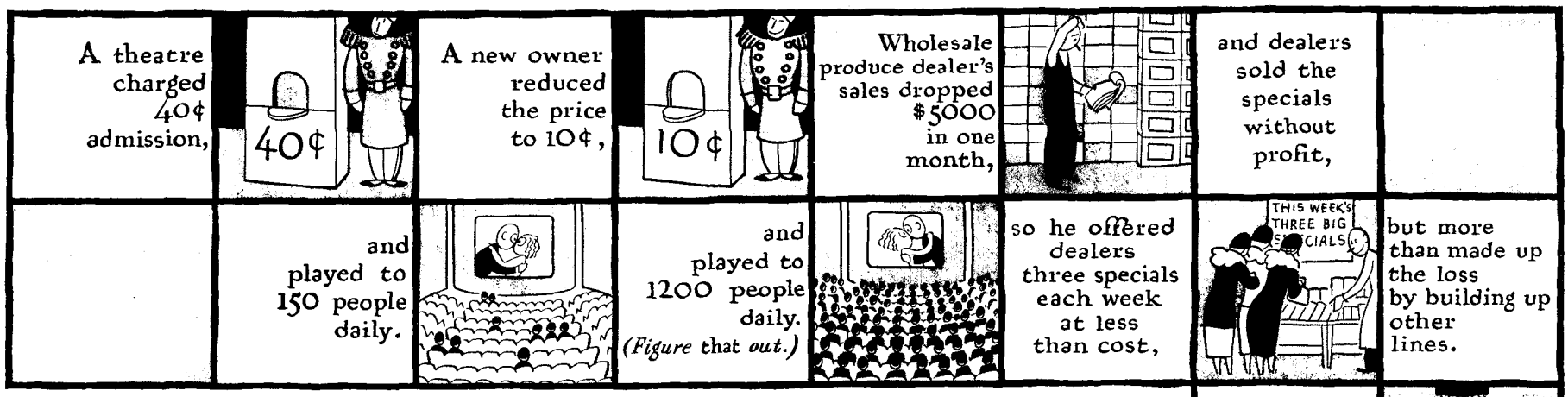

They Made

By John T. Flynn

lenge of hard times. Here are some of the answers. In them you will see evidence that the mother of invention has of late been unusually prolific

with a certain inevitableness to what are usually called the "big fellows" in the town; the merchants who are, as a rule, successful anyway, who are well financed and who are generally expected to "know how" in any conditions. I was amazed at the extent of the good business I found among these merchants. But it has been interesting to me to see in these hundreds of letters from little merchants of all sorts evidence that they were able to do quite as well as their bigger brothers on Main Street.

The main factors which have counted in the experience of these merchants in driving forward to better business during these two depressed years, as revealed in these letters, have been, first, a willingness to sit down and coldly and deliberately analyze the situation; second, courageous dealing with the difficult and often terrifying problem of prices; third, the ingenuity which enabled many merchants to find a life-saving idea for use in their business and, finally, the old, unromantic, but not-to-be-denied virtue of hard work.

The following experience came from a dealer in Belmont, Massachusetts:

"For seventy-five years our store was the leading one of its kind in an Eastern city, selling candies and ice cream to retailers and wholesalers. In 1930 our gross sales dropped thirty-five per cent, our profits more. In a year our surplus had gone. What was the matter?

"We had the good sense to ask what was the matter with *us*. We got a business analyst to come in and look us over. He put his finger on two points: our gross sales were lower than were warranted by the depression, so that the whole trouble was not in just hard times; secondly, he revealed to us some departments in our business in which overhead alone exceeded the income. For instance, our wholesale ice cream department was the greatest offender—immense expense of service, giving every dealer free cabinets and containers and supplying him with ice and salt and packing daily.

"We divided our dealers into two groups, the red group and the black. The black group were the profitable ones. The red group were the dealers on whom we lost money. We tried to boost the better ones in the red group into the black group and when we couldn't we ceased to serve them. We stopped sending ice-refrigerator cabinets. The first result was another decrease in our gross sales of thirty per cent. But we made a profit on all our business. Next we had to boost the volume in our own store. We completely remodeled it, calling in designers and lighting experts. Now our gross sales are back where they should be. Our salvation lay in asking ourselves, not what was the matter with the country, but what was the matter with us."

Increased Plant

This store is not alone. Out in Caldwell, Idaho, in the Boise Valley, the dairy farmers have a coöperative of their own. "We organized it," says J. R. Brown, its manager, "in 1925 and made less than a million pounds of butter. In 1930 we found it necessary to increase our plant, but the word depression was in the air. Farm prices had gone down. An increase meant an expenditure of $350,000 and loud were the protests from some of our dairymen when such an expenditure was proposed at such a time.

"I visited every leading creamery in the United States and Canada for ideas and we went ahead. We are now in our new plant. We made in six months more than twice as many pounds of butter as in the whole year of 1925. We saved .00651 cents on every pound, enough to pay the interest on our loan, and our Boise Valley dairymen have consistently received from three to ten cents a pound more for their butterfat than producers in many other states."

One must marvel at the ingenious devices of many small merchants to meet their problems when others sit down and accept defeat. A small grocer in Little Rock, Arkansas, was hit by the depression in 1929, like every other merchant. He calmly surveyed his situation and found his trouble to be in just one thing: There were just as many people in his neighborhood as ever; just as many people willing to buy groceries from him, but a number of them were out of work. He had the customers but the customers didn't have jobs. He therefore established in his grocery a labor bureau to get jobs for his customers and went to a good deal of trouble and some expense to have listed with him every person in his section who needed help or just odd jobs done like painting, paper-hanging, scrubbing, woodcutting, garden work or any other sort that would give a man a few days' work. This grocer has kept his customers employed and kept the depression out of his grocery store.

Another feature which has been a powerful force in the establishments of intelligent merchants during the depression was their courageous dealing with prices. This means not merely that merchants cut prices but that in many cases for the first time they began to understand that there is such a thing as a science of pricing goods. A merchant from Hot Springs writes that when the depression came he had three competitors in his immediate neighborhood, all fighting with him for the same trade. "At the height of the crisis another rival store opened, making five. Our volume decreased and of course our overhead percentage increased. Something had to be done. For twenty years we had drifted without knowing how to price our stock with the proper combination of basic cost, overhead and

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"In my business," he said, "such a jewel would be use-

Star Sapphire

It was gone—a gem worth fifty thousand dollars! But these trifles have a way of disappearing

THE misty moon dropped some two hundred thousand miles and was again a cluster of electric bulbs suspended from the ceiling of the Club España; the soft high clouds became masses of gray cigarette smoke; all the lovely crowded chords were suddenly blatant and near at hand instead of being hidden sounds coming from a silk-hung balcony.

The music droned down below the level of voices on a final minor note; Bill Dykeman and Anne, separating on the dancing space, came back to earth. For the first few steps toward their table their hands remained clasped, and then—at the same instant—both hands dropped.

Bill reached for Anne Jamison's chair, but the host of the night club, standing alert beside the table, seated her deftly, adjusting an ultramarine and ochre shawl about her shoulders. Had Anne worn a dress of less vivid blue, the Club España would have provided the customary crimson and green neo-Castilian wrap for her.

While Dykeman was fumbling for his lighter, the host had a match blazing for Anne's cigarette, and held the flame until Bill had found one of his own. His eyes never leaving Anne's face, Dykeman said automatically, "Thanks."

"It is the so-great pleasure to serve, Señor Doctor."

"Eh?" Bill was amazed and showed it. He had never been to the Club España before; he had never seen the dark, foreign-looking host anywhere. "How'd you know I was a doctor?" he asked curiously.

"The Parkinsons were here earlier, señor. With Miss Mayes and the Mr. Hewitt. It was of an impossibility not to hear what they said."

Anne, chin in hand, asked lightly, "And what did they say, Juan?"

The night-club host's unfathomable dark eyes broke their glaze. Giving each a flash of a brilliant smile, he said, "I trust you both will have the happiness unsurpassed."

"You don't miss much, do you, Juan?"

"A part of the business, señorita."

To Dykeman Anne said blithely, "Juan's right. Gossip served with every highball. The drinks cold; the rumors hot. Tips on everything from stocks to telephone numbers. I can guess just about what Margaret Mayes said, and"—looking up at the host—"most of it is wrong, Juan. She said Bill was a doctor, which, strangely, is true, and then she said that the only thing anybody—including Bill—could see in me is my money—"

Bill stretched his long legs under the table, so that the toe of his shoe pressed against Anne's.

Eyes bright, she said severely, "Is that so, William?" and then went on as flippantly as before, "It was Bill's great-grandfather who endowed St. William's . . . was he a Dutch saint of surgery himself, Bill? No? And Bill is a stranger to you, and to Margaret Mayes as well . . . because he hasn't gone places. How much money have you, anyhow, Bill?"

"Enough to buy you something to eat," Bill said.

He understood exactly what Anne was about. As far as he was concerned, he didn't care what people said. With a girl—with Anne—it was naturally different. The Dykeman money had been made long ago; now, Bill had no idea how much he was actually worth. That didn't make any difference to him, either. Not a millionth as much difference as getting the hang of that heart operation he was to assist with tomorrow. That was really important; next to Anne, the greatest thing in the world. . . .

THE host was bowing, perhaps ironically; Anne said, "Finish your drink, Bill, and then order . . . I'm starved. I'll bet you are, too. Georgia Hayes yapped at you all through dinner about the twins, didn't she? Georgia's got a doctor complex. No blonde-diagnosing for you, William!"

Her glass was raised. The amber fluid in it seemed to wink at Dykeman.

Apologetically, Dykeman said, "I'd better not. I've got to—"

"Oh, Bill!" Warmly, almost willfully, she chided, "Is marriage going to make you serious? Won't you even write me a prescription on our anniversaries?"

"I'll write you one now," offered Bill promptly, his face a long way from the serious countenance St. William's knew. "Love and kisses. P. R. N."

"Is this P. R. N. something a young girl can safely hear?"

"*Pro re nata* . . . Juan'll tell you what it means."

The host, watching over the Club España from his position near their table, proved that he had missed nothing by saying, "I do not the words understand, Señor Doctor."

"Thought you were Spanish."

"*Si!* But perhaps what you said is of a language from a different province from mine, no?"

"Latin," Dykeman explained briefly. "Means 'as often as necessary.' My mistake; I thought it'd be about the same in Spanish."

In the moment of silence, ready Anne said, "He won't drink his highball, Juan. What'll we do with him?"

Mistaking the reason for Dykeman's hesitation, the host, hands together, voice very earnest, said, "On the word of Juan Estrado, Doctor, everything we serve here, from absinth to Zanzibar cordial, is genuine. Everything in the Club España is authentic."

Dykeman stared an instant at Estrado, but all he said was, "Hmm."

Her right hand held before Bill's eyes, Anne said, "This's what you need, if you're afraid of the liquor here, Bill."

On her other hand Bill's diamond flashed; the ring she held up for Dykeman to see bore a gem cut *en cabochon*, brilliant as a rounded mirror and showing a curious six-pointed star on its steely surface.

"Why?" asked Dykeman.

"It's a star sapphire, Bill. Pretty, isn't it? Dad gave it to me. Guards against poison, they say. Even against poisonous liquor."

"I'm not afraid of the highballs here," Bill explained. "But, from nine on, we are going to be busy at St. William's. With the most important operation booked late in the afternoon. I want the old hand steady tomorrow, that's all."

"You relieve me, Bill. All's well. You're forgiven."

Estrado, leaning down, gazed at the ring.

"In my business," he said, "such a jewel would be useful, no? A very good insurance for the life, *verdad!* Where does one buy them?"

"THIS of mine's not really good, Juan. Hardly blue at all, and if it weren't for all the lights here, you couldn't see the star."

"And the cost, señorita?"

"With the setting . . . oh, perhaps a thousand." Anne shrugged, as if tired of the discussion. "The blue ones—the exceptional star sapphires—are very expensive. More than a diamond, I suppose." Abruptly, "I want . . . one of those sandwiches you make, Juan, with

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Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

ful, no? A very good insurance for the life, *verdad!*"

By Sidney Herschel Small

avocado and watercress and lime-juice—"

"Scrambled eggs," announced Bill. "The old laboring man."

"Where does one purchase a jewel of sapphire?" Estrado asked.

Whatever Anne was about to say was smothered in the first blare of Negroid unhappiness; she nodded at the host and came swiftly to her feet. "Dance with me once more, Bill," she demanded.

The Club España became, to them both, a place where dancers swayed in mysterious light. In silence they moved past a gigantic buffet, where a man attired as a grandee of Spain carved away at a haunch of venison. On the shining wood were platters of broiled trout circled with bacon, wafer-thin *tortillas* cupping aromatic beans in rich sauce, squares of barbecued meat, bowls of crimson strawberries.

Rubbing her cheek against him, Anne said contentedly, "Good egg, Bill . . . telling why you're on the wagon tonight. Juan talks because people like to hear gossip. That's why I told him about us. Being married to you's going to be fun, Bill. You've got"—she twisted a little in his arms, as if to reassure herself of Dykeman's keen, quiet face—"sense."

"Sense enough to've wanted you the first time I saw you—"

"I was at the hospital, seeing Marjorie Allen . . . I remember you were talking to a good-looking nurse, too, Mr. William Dykeman, M. D."

"You should have seen the pneumonia case she pulled through for us last week. A good nurse."

"BILL," Anne said earnestly, "getting married's serious . . . only I'm not worried at all. About nurses. Or anything."

"Neither am I," said Dykeman.

As they swung slowly toward a long table, heady odors swam out at them from the enticingly shaped bottles on it; peach, wild orange, mountain blackberry, apricot—cordials from the far corners of the world, sealed, ribboned, ornamented, bearing strange foreign names. . . .

This time the music faded away without warning.

A waiter in crimson and yellow uncovered Anne's sandwich and Bill's golden eggs; Bill said to him, "We're going in just a minute. Won't you bring our check?"

It was Estrado himself, padding up on noiseless feet, who answered:

"There exists no charge, Doctor. As you have it so quaintly in this country of . . . freedom, it is on the house. The Club España can afford to wish its friends well, no? Call it . . . for your engagement."

For an instant Bill's face became the expressionless mask it had once been when a man had asked him to intercede with his idolized chief at St. William's to remodel his nose. Then he grinned. "Nice of you," he said. "This's good coffee, Juan."

"A blend of Brazil and Hawaiian Kona, señor." He seemed to lose a bit of his suavity as he added, "You . . . you remember of . . . of what we spoke before?"

"Liquor," said Bill.

"Us . . . and Miss Mayes' conversation," suggested Anne.

"But of course . . . yes . . . and also, my patron, of . . . gems."

"That's right," Dykeman agreed, busy with his eggs. "Sapphires."

"Would . . . do I ask too much? . . . would a . . . a favor be possible?"

Anne's "Gladly, Juan," and Bill's "What is it?" came at the same time.

"Only your advice. I should like a gem of uniqueness and beauty, a star sapphire. A fine one. Of the very, very best. But, *verás*, such jewelers as I know would think, 'This Juan Estrado, this bootlegger, what does he know about anything?' and would sell me something inferior in all save price. I wish . . . yes, a jewel supreme! For such a one I will pay whatever is necessary. Why? A whim. I can afford it. For protection against testing doubtful beverages, no? Where does one go for such a gem?"

Without hesitation Anne said, "Minot, Heath & Snow. They're it for good stones, Juan." Laughingly, "It's lucky our order was right! Weren't you thinking about star sapphires all the time we were dancing?"

"SI, SENORITA," Estrado agreed, drawling the words; Dykeman, watching, thought the host blinked at Anne's question. "And will they show me many of the sapphires like stars . . . for me to select?"

"They'll bring out whatever they have, and Minot's have everything worth having. But the extremely handsome star sapphires are expensive, Juan. Even for you."

"Just what are they worth, Miss Jamison? Not exactly . . . approximately."

At that last word it was Dr. Dykeman's turn to blink.

"I haven't any idea," Anne said lightly. "A hundred thousand for a really rare one. Whatever the traffic will bear. Marie Sheridan has one, and it's insured for a great deal."

"Ah," said the night-club man, and then, humbly, the s's stressed, "*Si*, it is so wise I seek your advice. Me, I could not tell the difference between one good, and one exceedingly marvelous. Is . . . is the good nature of yourself and the doctor so great, señorita, that you would accompany Juan Estrado to this shop of Minot's, and select for him a star sapphire of the finest?"

Anne waited for Dykeman to answer; she was puzzled by the seriousness of his face, but said easily, "We don't mind a bit . . . do we, Bill?"

Dykeman said slowly, "No."

"When d'you want to go, Juan?"

"When one makes up the mind, it is best to act immediately, says a proverb in my village. On the afternoon of tomorrow, at the hour approaching five?" He was speaking very rapidly, happily, now, as if it were all decided. "I will bring the sufficient money. And perhaps it is just as well that the jewel merchant does not know that . . . that Juan Estrado, bootlegger, has enough wealth to gratify such a whim? We go; we ask for star sapphires; we see what we desire; we buy it, and . . . *nada, nada* . . . all is settled to everyone's satisfaction, is it not?"

Dykeman was trying to remember if he had said, before Estrado, that he was to be very busy late in the afternoon. Had he? He wasn't certain. However, he said in level tones, "I'm going to be busy tomorrow afternoon. Sorry."

"Earlier in the day, Señor Doctor? Let us say . . . three?"

"BUSY all day." Dykeman decided, from the second question, that he had undoubtedly made some offhand statement about working all day, and that Estrado hadn't intended to make it impossible for him to accompany Anne to Minot's. After all, why should Estrado want to do that?

Anne seemed waiting for the host to suggest some other day; when he remained silent also, she said, slowly, lest it sound ungracious, "How about . . . day after tomorrow?"

"I must examine a shipment; I am gone all day. Curaçao, cassis, vermouth, many cases of imperial quarts, difficult to obtain. . . . Is it that I have asked the favor which should not have been requested, señorita?"

Bill wanted to say something; just

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Illustrated by O. F. Howard

Brandow's Folly

The story of a ghost that talked—but not too much

By Richard Connell

IN THE gathering gloom Hearne lost his way. Then at the edge of a village the gas line of his car broke. A sagging sign said the place was Mallerton. He left his car and trudged through the dust down the main street, which was unlit and looked down-at-the-heel, until he found a home-made sign reading "Garage." Nobody was about. He knocked at the door of the nearest cottage. A gaunt woman, holding an oil lamp in one hand and a red-faced baby in the other, came and eyed him sourly.

"My car has broken down," he began, "and I wonder—"

"He's not home," she snapped. "Gone to Dorset to get drunk. Back tonight, mebbe."

"Any other garage in town?"

"No."

"Not many travelers pass this way, eh?"

"Why should they?"

"Is there some place here where I can spend the night?"

"Mallerton Inn. First turn to your left. Half a mile up a steep hill."

"Thanks. Good place?"

"You might do worse," she said. "But I don't know where."

She shut the door.

Hearne climbed the hill to Mallerton Inn. He saw first a great tower looming up in the dim light, so like the tower of a medieval castle he forgot for a moment he was in a wild and little-visited part of the Vermont hills.

BUT when he drew nearer he saw that it was but the fragment of a castle. The stone tower alone had been finished; the castle dwindled into a long, low, wooden structure which trailed off into dilapidated sheds. The grass had not been cut in years. The place looked unkempt and abandoned, but, going round to the rear, he saw a light. A fat man with a scarred face, in his shirt-sleeves, answered Hearne's knock.

"Can I get a bed here tonight?" Hearne asked.

"Two dollars," answered the fat man.

"All right."

"Can't feed you, though."

"I had dinner in Dorset."

The man in the yard moved. His long, skinny arm went up and came down sharply

"Put you in the tower room. Got to make the bed. You wait in there."

Hearne went into a moldy and desolate room which, he thought, in another era must have been the bar. It smelled of kerosene and fried liver. In a chair in a corner dozed a wizened old man with dirty white whiskers and rheumy eyes. In his sleep he was chewing tobacco. He wore a stiff white shirt and no collar. He heard Hearne enter, looked up, squinted and showed three yellow teeth in a grin.

"Put you in the tower room, did he?" he said.

"Yes."

The old man chewed awhile.

"That's where he did it," he said presently.

"Who did what?"

"Joel Brandow. Killed himself."

"Indeed?" said Hearne. "When did this happen?"

The old man spat.

"Twenty-five years ago," he replied. "Yes, sir, it was just twenty-five years ago tonight."

"And I suppose," said Hearne, with a smile, "his ghost still haunts the place."

"Some say so," said the old man. "Scared?"

"Not of ghosts," said Hearne. "Why did he do it?"

"Nobody knows."

"Did you know him?"

"Oh, yes, I knew Joel Brandow. He was pretty well known in these parts in his time. Owned most of the town. Y'see, I was constable when it happened. Still am. Yes, sir, been constable here thirty-seven years."

WITH a grimace of pride he opened his coat and displayed a gilt star pinned to his frayed suspenders.

"I was the first to see the body," he said. "It gave me a turn, I must allow, seeing Joel lying there on the floor with a carving knife drove right through his heart. But he was a bad one!"

"Bad?" put in Hearne.

"Sure. A hard landlord that screwed the last penny out of a tenant; a bully that would knock you down for anything or nothing; but worst of all, he was a woman-chaser—"

"Go on."

"Yes, sir, there wasn't a good-looking woman in this county or the next that he didn't run after; and he busted up a lot of homes. I guess nobody mourned much when he went. Still, nobody could figure out what made him do it."

"Maybe somebody killed him," said Hearne.

"No," said the constable, "it was a plain case of suicide."

"I take it Brandow was staying at this inn," Hearne began.

"Inn nothing," said the constable. "This was his home. He built the tower and was going to build himself a regular castle. Around here we used to call it Brandow's Folly. Why, it figured to cost him a cool two hundred thousand before it was finished. That door of his bedroom alone must of cost nearly a thousand. Solid oak, a foot thick, and faced with bronze. It took us a couple of hours to break through it. Y'see, it was locked and triple-bolted from the inside. No chance anybody could get in—or out. It was the only door."

"Windows?" queried Hearne.

"You'll see when you go up there. Four long, narrow ones, so small a living skeleton couldn't wedge his way through one. Besides they're a good sixty feet from the ground, and the wall is straight and smooth; no vines or nothing. And there weren't any footprints at the base of the tower."

The door opened and a man passed through the room without looking at them. He had been a tall man, but was bent now. He was very thin. He was chuckling to himself. He went out of the door and into the darkness.

"DON'T mind him," the constable said. "That's Potatoes. Handy man around here for years. Always chuckling to himself. Sort of gone, up here."

He tapped his temple.

"Is his name really Potatoes?" Hearne asked.

"No. But we always call him that. The boys give him that name because the one thing he likes best to do is peel potatoes. Give him a bushel, and he's happy. Used to be quite a smart young fellow, thirty years ago; had a mighty pretty young wife and was crazy about her; then she died and he went to pieces—"

The fat landlord came lumbering in and grunted: "Bed ready."

"Good night, constable," said Hearne, and followed the landlord to the tower room.

It was a huge, circular, musty room, with massive old furniture. Once there had been roses on the wall paper; now they looked like blotches of blood. Hearne opened the windows. They were hardly more than slits in the thick

(Continued on page 49)

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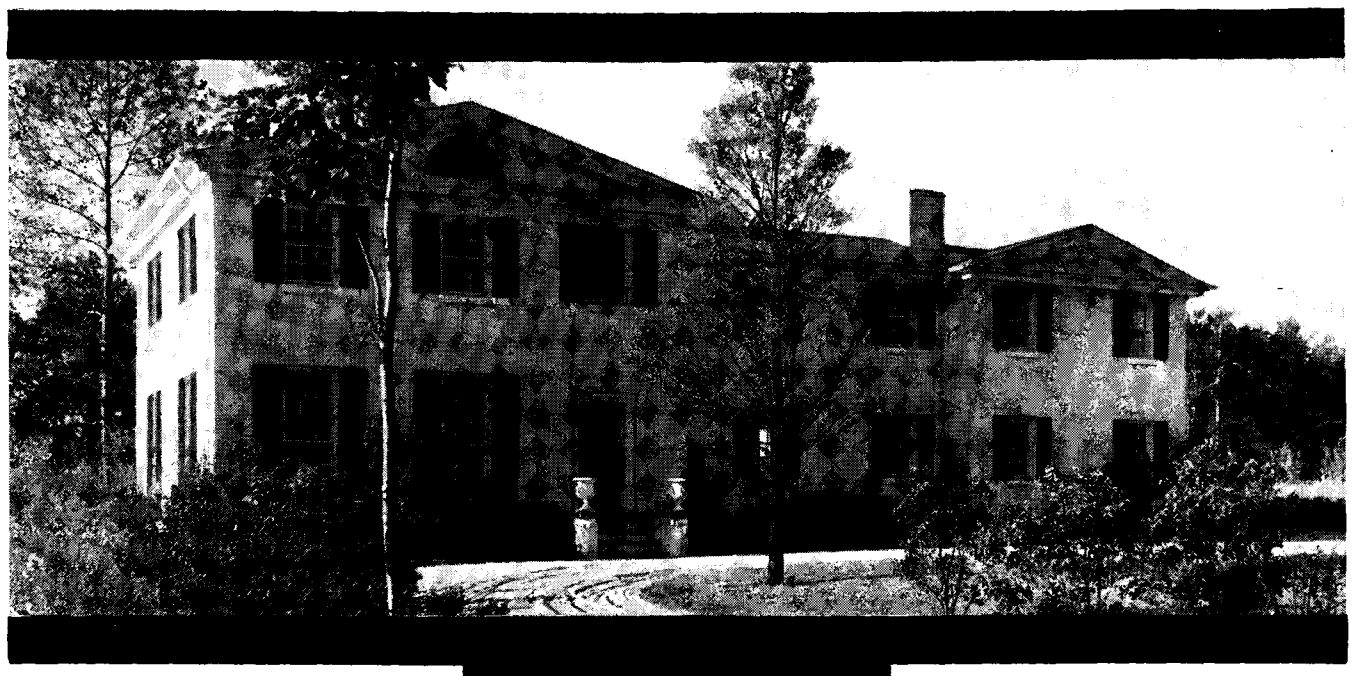
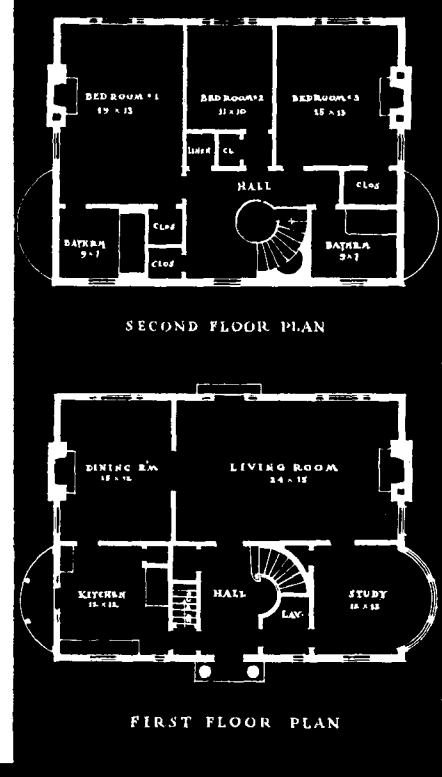
The Perfect Build

By Harold Sterner as told to Betty Thornley Stuart



It's warm in winter, it's cool in summer, you can build it any size and of any material and there's nothing just like it anywhere except in this country. Besides all this, it's economical and it's beautiful. Look into the 1830 house



WE'RE told that figures can't lie, but sometimes they seem to tell whoppers because we haven't examined a sufficient assortment of them. We feel poor or rich according to the number of dollars coming in, whereas a dollar is really a fluctuating quantity and should never be considered apart from what it will buy.

The Labor Department's statistics give us a much more hopeful angle from which to view the present landscape than the one we usually take. In 1920 we saw the peak of the high cost of living, but most of us can't bring ourselves to think back eleven years. Using 1926, then, as a more recoverable date, we're informed that if our June dollar of that year had to contend with a market where commodities cost 100, our June, 1931, dollar met a market where they cost only 70.

While food prices have taken the most spectacular drop, building materials aren't far behind. Decidedly this is the time to build.

If we conclude to take the plunge as a wise investment, we get in addition one of life's major thrills. Owning our own home, even if we buy it ready-made, gives us a sense of financial stability. But having that home put up to our personal order, planned from foundation to roof as we elect to have it, expressing our taste, our own special angle on life—well, those of us who have had the experience wouldn't exchange it for any other game ever invented.

Building can be made even more interesting if we decide at the outset not to copy our neighbors. Colonial, Georgian, Tudor, Spanish, French—the country is dotted with houses recently put up in all these various manners, each excellent in its way. But I want to say a word for the only truly and independently American style ever developed, the only one of which the original examples still extant couldn't possibly be found in any other country. We call it by various names—the Classical Revival, the Greek Revival, or less pompously, "the 1830 style."

Before this time, America had contented herself with reproducing what was being done in Europe, if we discount such purely utilitarian exhibits as the low-ceiled Cape Cod cottage, planned to keep out the cold. Our beautiful colonial houses, as found in Annapolis or Boston, could be set down in England without seeming to be foreigners—and rightly so, because they were built by colonial Englishmen. But when the Classical Revival made itself felt in Europe, America was on her own feet and decidedly friendly to France, where Napoleon had overthrown the *ancien régime* with its ropes of roses and substituted the cult of Rome.

Breaking New Ground

It was to such a France that our own Thomas Jefferson went, and what could be more natural than that he should seek out the old Roman buildings still standing in Provence? On his return, he planted the Classical Revival in America with Monticello and the Virginia State Capitol. But the architects who followed went both Jefferson and France one better by going back to the source from which Rome herself drew inspiration, Greece.

In adapting the Greek idea to the American manner of life inside these houses, our architects were breaking absolutely new ground, and they displayed great ingenuity. High ceilings and large rooms were inherent in the tradition, but the originals of these rooms were windowless. The windows designed for them here were bigger than those of the Georgian houses that had preceded them, both because of the freedom and spaciousness of the whole idea and because public opinion had been educated to the point of demanding maximum light and air. The rooms themselves were made to open into each other, planned for entertaining, which was no longer done by the rich and great alone, but by everybody. Wood-paneled walls gave way before those finished in plaster, painted or papered. The elaborate wooden cornice was replaced by a much bolder and simpler one in plaster. The chair rail was left out or became a mere sketch. Such changes, acceptable to eyes that were tired of intricacy even as ours are today, satisfied at the same time the need for cutting down on carpentry which had risen in cost in a way to make a gentleman of the Georgian period hold up his hands in horror. Inside and outside, this classical house was stripped and clean, and so it remained until the new money of the Civil War and the invention of jigsaw fretwork brought down the avalanche of General Grant architecture.

The 1830 House

In the era of turrets, slate roofs and stained-glass windows the big, grave Greek houses fell into disrepute. Later we went in for a fresh rage of copying Europe. It wasn't until about ten years ago that anybody seemed to think of the possibilities of the one style that had been America's contribution to world architecture.

Yet this 1830 house seems to me ideally fitted to meet a great many of our present-day problems. In its simpler forms it has the straight, clean, efficient look, stripped of ornament, that the engineer approves and the artist calls contemporary. Here is something honestly if not stylistically modern.

(Continued on page 43)

A classical revival. The 1830 house (front and rear) is a true type of domestic architecture. The floor plans shown are for a smaller replica to cost about $10,000

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Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

Watching Campo, Kentucky saw the boss of the Bar Hook fold up. His height left him, and all the strength and aggression went out of his wide, lean shoulders

The Story Thus Far:

HOPING to solve the mystery of the murder of John Mason and Zack Sanders, Kentucky Jones, a young cattle dealer, gets a job at the Bar Hook ranch, where the victims' bodies have been found.

Campo Ragland, who owns the ranch, has a pretty daughter—Jean. The girl's actions are suspicious. Kentucky watches her closely—and presently falls in love with her. . . . Ragland has an enemy—Bob Elliot, owner of the 88. Their men clash—have a gun battle. Jim Humphreys, of the Bar Hook, is killed. And Ragland, a courageous man, refuses to retaliate!

Jean, Kentucky now knows, loves him. Henceforth, although she declines to give him her full confidence, she coöperates with him. Learning that the gun which killed Sanders belonged to Joe St. Marie, one of Ragland's cowboys, Kentucky goes after St. Marie and captures him after a thrilling fight. The man claims he had lost the gun in a craps game, to one Ted Baylor. He then informs Kentucky that, shortly after the murder, he had seen Campo Ragland cleaning a small-bore rifle—and Sanders had been killed by a small-bore bullet! . . . Lee Bishop, Ragland's foreman, goes gunning for Elliot's foreman, Bill McCord. Kentucky follows him, finds him; they ride on—and into an ambush. Bishop, shot, falls from his horse. Kentucky carries him to a sheltered spot, where the foreman informs him, to his amazement, that Campo Ragland thinks he knows who killed Mason: Kentucky Jones!

Jean Ragland rides up, alone. Bishop, it is obvious, should not be moved. The girl rides away to find a doctor.

Hours later, Jean Ragland returns. Returns—to find Lee Bishop dead.

IX

WHEN Kentucky had packed the body of Lee Bishop to the Bake Pan camp of the Bar Hook, where he placed it with that of Jim Humphreys, he faced his horse into the steep switchback trail up the rim, and started for the main ranch; the mule, freed of half its burden, followed the horse, unled.

Kentucky had agreed with Jean Ragland that to take Lee Bishop to the Bake Pan camp was a shorter and more convenient pack; and Kentucky had seized upon the opportunity to release Jean from the mournful procession and send her home.

He now put his horse up the trail stiffly, climbing fast. He felt no weariness, but only a black temper. Now that he knew for the first time what set of ugly circumstances he was up against, he knew what he had to do; it was not easy, and he wanted to get it behind him.

On the edge of the rim he paused, while his eyes swept all the visible Bench. The voices of the guns and the circumstances of Lee Bishop's death had brought him an odd new alertness, an almost painful consciousness of everything that moved within the limits of the rimrock horizon. It was as if he had found himself returned to the days of his forefathers, when an awareness of far-off details had a lot to do with keeping on a man's scalp. Long before Jean Ragland came in sight, he knew that two horses were coming toward him along the trail, that they had but one rider, and that the second horse was not driven, but led.

For a moment after Jean came in view he was absorbed by the sight of her. She rode a little, dark pony, and her short white storm coat was in key with the snow. Hardly anybody ever saw Jean Ragland ride without following her with his eyes, as a man looks after a bird that is a bright, living decoration against the snow. And now the girl and the pony she rode looked better because the led horse was raw-boned and mud-colored, with only a sharp, well-tracked leg action to suggest that it might be more horse than at first it seemed.

As they met in the trail he saw that her face was quiet with the resignation which had characterized it for the last two days; but her eyes were alive. They looked very dark and tragically comprehending, as if she were able to see behind men and events to fatalities which she opposed without any chance of victory. But there was also in her eyes a touch of feverish light which told him that she was still fighting, though what she was fighting, or how, he was no longer sure that he knew.

"I'VE brought you a fresh horse," she said immediately. "Maybe it doesn't look like much horse, but it is a whole lot of horse. Pretty near any Bar Hook horse would give down under you before this plug would."

"I suppose I kind of ought to appreciate that," Kentucky said; "but, Jean, how come you think I am going to need such a long-traveling horse?"

"Kentucky," she said, "Kentucky—" She drew her hand across her eyes, as if what she was trying to say was almost beyond her ability. "Look here. I've asked a lot of favors of you, Kentuck; a lot more than I ever had any right to ask. But it seems like you never questioned that part of it."

"I don't remember when this was," he said; "but go ahead."

Her mouth and eyes were taut. "I have to ask you one thing more. If you'll do this one thing more for me, I'll be grateful to you all my life; and I swear I'll never ask anything of you again."

"Jean, girl," Kentucky said, "what's happened here?"

"Take this horse, and the mule, and such of the stuff as you need. I don't need to tell you where to go nor how to get there, nor how to get along; but do as I say! Go a long way, and go fast, and lose yourself; and never come back until some day this ghastly thing is over with and forgotten!"

Kentucky Jones stared at her a long time, studying her face; but her eyes did not flinch from his. At last a crooked, one-sided smile changed his mouth.

"I know that this is a terrible sacrifice for you," Jean said. Desperation came into her voice, bred of the hopelessness of making him see the necessity she urged. "I wouldn't ask you this, Kentucky, I swear I wouldn't, if I wasn't positive that there's no other way. Believe this—I'll be your friend, always; it may be later that I can help you, and send your money to you, or something like that. That will work out later. All I can say now is that I'd rather be dead than sitting here telling you this; but there isn't any other way."

"Why do you ask this?" Kentucky said curiously.

"Kentucky—God forgive me!—I can't answer that! But I tell you that there isn't any time to lose! Not an hour, not even—I can't tell you any more! I can only—"

"You'll have to tell me, I think," Kentucky said. His face was hard, and the fatigue that she had been unable to detect before now had carved lines about his mouth, emphasizing the crooked line of his broken nose.

"You've got to do what I say," she told him passionately, "without any question of why about it."

"You hardly expected me to do that, I think," he told her.

Jean cried out sharply: "Don't! Take the horse and go, Kentucky, as you love me—but you don't love me; I know that."

"I think," he said, "just now it doesn't matter a whole lot who loves who, or who doesn't."

THERE was a touch of hysteria in her voice as she answered him. "No, not to you—I think you don't care anything about anybody in the world!"

"God help the man who does," he said. "As for taking that horse and making a run of it, I'm sorry not to do something that you ask. But I can't imagine anything on the face of the earth that would make me do that now."

"Then," she said quickly, "I'll tell you why you must. My father—my father—" It seemed for a moment as if she were unable to go on. But she pulled herself together and spoke evenly, her words distinct and quick. "You know by this time why Bob Elliot is swamping the Bar Hook range. You have eyes that see things—I don't think anyone can hide from you what a thing means. You can't make me think that you don't know why Elliot has no fear of Campo, nor the Bar Hook."

"No," he said slowly, "I wouldn't pretend that I can't see that."

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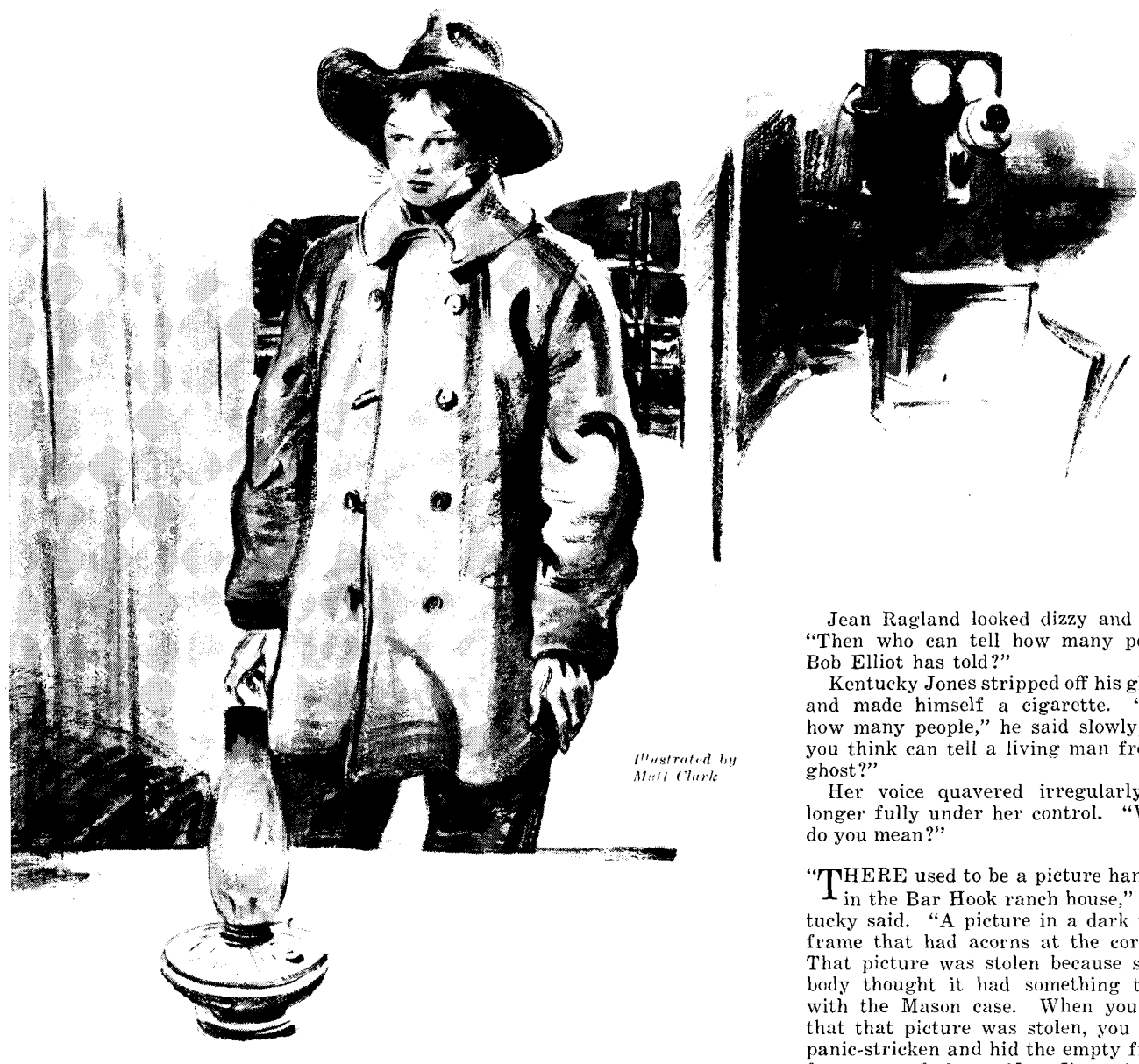

Illustrated by Matt Clark

Her words tumbled out of her incoherently. "It's because Bob Elliot was close to the Bar Hook when Mason was killed. Poor Lee Bishop knew that—though I don't think he knew that he knew it. I—"

Kentucky Jones said, "Bishop told me what he knew."

"And now," said Jean, "now I've got to tell you that I've known this all along—almost from the first. And I—"

"You're sure you want to tell me this, Jean?"

"I have to tell you—you make me tell you—"

That was a strange meeting, there on the trail in all that dazzle of sun-whipped snow, while all the sharp, sad, hidden things that this girl had never meant to tell a living soul came trembling out of her in a panicky disorder. Perhaps he should have gathered her in his arms; but he could not.

"All right," he said. "What, exactly, is Bob Elliot holding over your father?"

"Somehow he's guessed the truth: that—whoever killed Mason killed him with my father's rifle. I knew that when I put the bullet into your hand at the inquest; I've known for days that you must know that too, though you said nothing to me."

"Yes," he admitted, "I figured out that."

"And Bob Elliot knows it—I'm certain he knows it. Though I swear I don't know how he is so sure."

"But you yourself are sure that it is true—that the murderer used your father's rifle?"

"The—the—yes; I'm virtually certain of that. And my father knows it. He—"

"Have you talked this over with him?"

"No—how could I? It's changed him so I hardly know him. He used to have a terrible fighting temper—but where is it now? He doesn't dare come to a showdown with Elliot; he's afraid of the effect the shock would have on my mother."

"And on you."

"ON MY mother," she repeated. "He doesn't dare face it out because of her. But just as he won't fight Elliot because of that—something in his make-up keeps him from protecting himself, too. Nothing would bring him to hide evidence—though that evidence might turn against him, as well as against the true murderer. He must have known—"

"Then," said Kentucky, "his alibi—about being somewhere else at the time Mason was killed—is not so good as some people have been led to suppose?"

"He hasn't any testimony in support of it but mine. They'll discount that, because I'm his daughter; even—even if they don't break my testimony in some other way."

He did not stop to tell her that he knew by this that her support of Campo's alibi had been perjury. Instead, he asked her, "How many people know that Campo—your father set out to kill Bob Elliot the day Mason was killed?"

She cried out with a shudder in her voice, "You even know that?"

"Bob Elliot told me that," he said shortly.

Jean Ragland looked dizzy and sick. "Then who can tell how many people Bob Elliot has told?"

Kentucky Jones stripped off his gloves and made himself a cigarette. "And how many people," he said slowly, "do you think can tell a living man from a ghost?"

Her voice quavered irregularly, no longer fully under her control. "What do you mean?"

"THERE used to be a picture hanging in the Bar Hook ranch house," Kentucky said. "A picture in a dark wood frame that had acorns at the corners. That picture was stolen because somebody thought it had something to do with the Mason case. When you saw that that picture was stolen, you were panic-stricken and hid the empty frame from your father. Now I'm going to tell you what that picture was."

"You can't—you never saw—"

"It was a picture of a man on a horse. When you first looked at that picture it seemed to be an enlarged snapshot of Bob Elliot. Only—when you looked close, it was not Elliot, but John Mason. Do you deny that, Jean?"

"No," said Jean miserably. "You see? It's just as I said. Nothing escapes you, nothing's able to hide itself away from you. That—that's the rest of the case against my father. Lee Bishop didn't know who it was he saw near the Bar Hook when he thought he saw Mason, and Joe St. Marie only thought he saw Mason's ghost. But—when they rested sideways in their saddles with their faces hidden, a long way off or in the dark—anybody could—could mistake Bob Elliot for Mason."

"Or," he said, "an angry man might—just possibly—*mistake Mason for Elliot.*"

She drew a deep breath and pressed her gloved fingers against her eyes, but did not reply.

"It's my belief," Kentucky said, "that it was the sheriff who searched the house—or had it searched; in which case, he must have that picture."

"I think you're right about the sheriff; he must have been looking for the gun to match the Mason bullet. But he didn't take the picture of Mason—because I took it myself."

"*You* did? But you looked so scared—"

"I didn't hide frame and all, at first, because it left a pale spot on the wall that Dad would have noticed. I meant to slide some other picture into the frame. But I forgot it. And then, with Dad hunting all through the house, to see what had been taken, I thought he'd notice the empty frame—and I was terrified."

"And that rifle—" He paused, watching her, and licked shut his cigarette.

"The rifle!" she burst out, jerking her hand away from her eyes. "Who knows where that is now? How do we know that Bob Elliot doesn't have it himself? Sheriff Hopper has the other bullet. If ever the bullet is fitted to my father's gun—"

"NO," he said, "Bob Elliot doesn't have the rifle."

Her voice rose hysterically. "How do you know he hasn't?"

"Because," he told her, "that rifle is dismounted and hidden in the mattress of your bed."

She stared at him blankly for a long moment. "Oh, dear Lord," she said at last in a broken voice. "Why did I ever try to hide anything from you?" She did not avert her face from him, but she turned her eyes to the Maricopas, sitting very straight in the saddle. "Yes, I hid it. Campo must have known at once that Mason was killed with his rifle; but do you think anything in the world could have persuaded him to do away with that rifle, to pitch it into the bottom of some canyon?"

Watching her face in half profile, he saw her begin to cry, silently. "Is that all?" he said.

"That's one side of it." She steadied herself.

"And what's the other side?"

"The other side is that he—he thinks that—that you might have killed Mason, Kentucky."

He said slowly, "Jean, are you lying to me again?"

She rushed ahead, a little of her color returning. "With everything against my father, what could I do but keep silent?"

"And hide what evidence you could," said Kentucky.

She looked at him squarely as she repeated after him, "And hide what evidence I could."

"And now you want me to jump the country."

"For your own sake," she said quickly. "I swear to God, Kentuck, it's for your own sake I want you to do that. All the time he's spent in Waterman, when we didn't know what he was doing, he's been trying to build a case against you. Everybody knows you were at the house at about the time Mason was killed. The house was open, and anyone could have got to the guns. Campo's figured all along that only one thing was lacking to—to implicate you so deeply in the death of Mason that you could never—"

"And that one thing lacking was my reason for killing Mason."

"Yes, of course—and now he thinks he has it. Maybe he would have held off still, but Lee Bishop's killing has driven him wild. He's phoned Waterman. Sheriff Hopper is coming out. I don't know what he has or how he dug it up and put it together—but this I know: that he believes that he can show that you had a stronger motive for killing John Mason than anyone else could possibly have had. I—"

"JEAN, do you think he believes I killed Mason?"

This time she averted her face; when she spoke her voice was hardly audible. "I only know that he would be glad to believe it—if he could."

"If he could," repeated Kentucky. He turned his horse toward the Bar Hook with a savage twist of the bit.

Jean cried out, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to hang me the man that killed Old Ironsides."

"Kentucky, wait!" She booted her horse against his and caught his arm in both hands. "Kentucky, if it weren't

(Continued on page 34)

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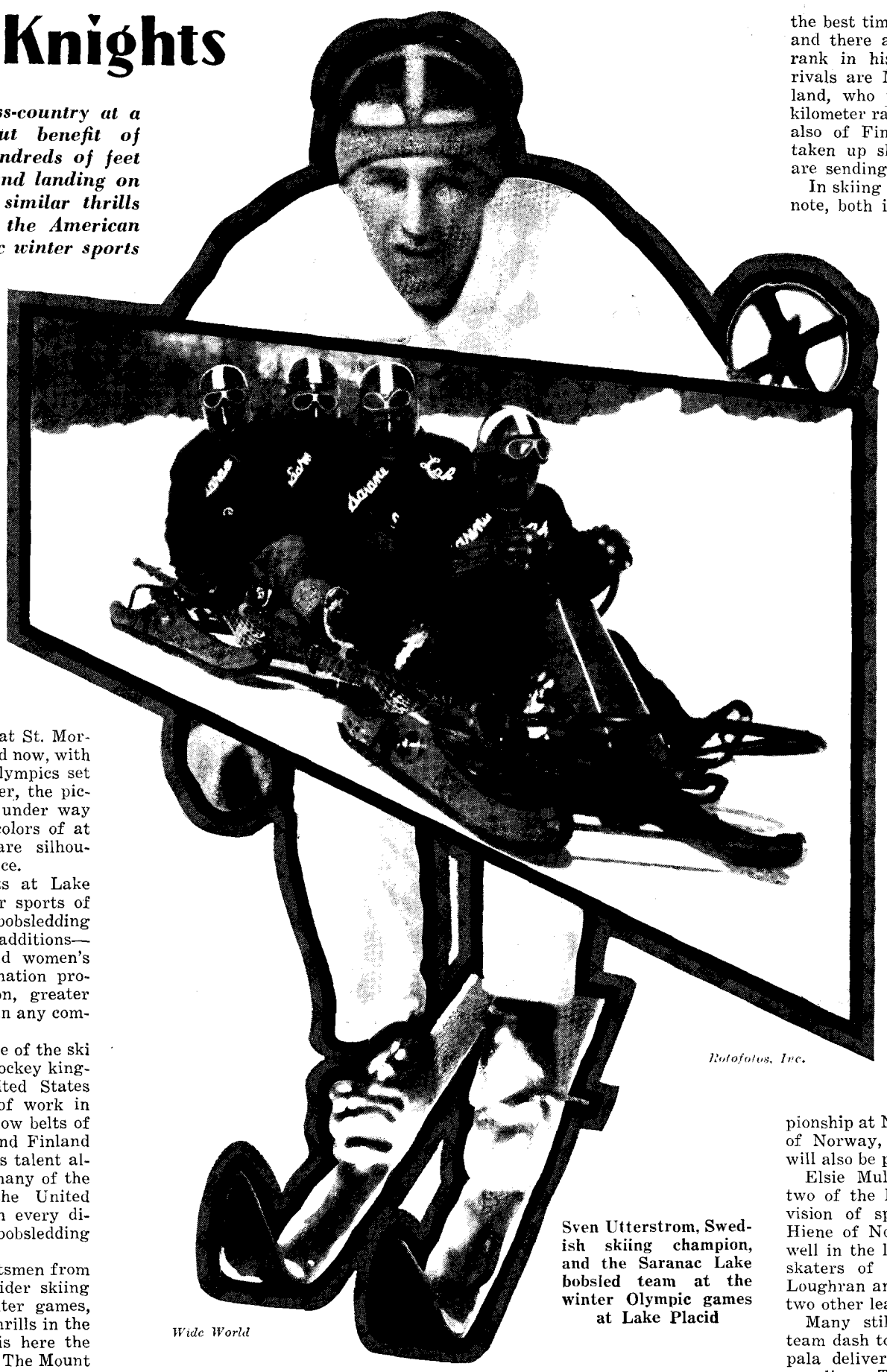
Winter Knights

Imagine skimming cross-country at a mile a minute without benefit of wheels! Or leaping hundreds of feet through cold thin air and landing on your feet! These and similar thrills are now being offered the American audience at the Olympic winter sports

By Grantland Rice



Wide World

Rotofotos, Inc.

Sven Utterstrom, Swedish skiing champion, and the Saranac Lake bobsled team at the winter Olympic games at Lake Placid

BACK in 776 B. C., when the first Olympic Games were held, there was no thought of a human form on skis catapulting two hundred feet through the air in the snow-white swirl of winter sport.

The first Olympic winter games, held at Chamonix, France, eight years ago, made such a hit that they were repeated at St. Moritz, Switzerland, in 1928. And now, with the ancient branch of the Olympics set for Los Angeles next summer, the picturesque winter sports are under way at Lake Placid, where the colors of at least twenty-five nations are silhouetted against the snow and ice.

The international contests at Lake Placid cover the four major sports of skiing, skating, hockey and bobsledding with three supplementary additions—curling, sled-dog racing and women's speed skating. This combination provides more rapid-fire action, greater speed and greater daring than any competitive sport.

As Scandinavia is the home of the ski and Canada is ruler of the hockey kingdom, entries from the United States will have their full share of work in these winter events. The snow belts of Canada, Norway, Sweden and Finland are represented by high-class talent almost certain to take away many of the leading prizes, although the United States will have strength in every division named, especially bobsledding and skating.

While veteran winter sportsmen from the northern countries consider skiing the big feature of the winter games, there may be even greater thrills in the battle of the bobsleds. It is here the pulses pound at highest beat. The Mount Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid is 2,350 meters, or about a mile and a half, and maintains an average drop of ten per cent. On the straightaway the run is six and one-half feet wide while on the curves the width varies from ten to twenty-two feet. The towering banks at the curves reach a height of twenty-two feet and are solid granite, frosted to a mirror-like glaze.

The bobsled itself is a highly intricate vehicle. It weighs 485 pounds, and the two-man sled weighs 352. The larger bobsleds are eleven feet long with a clearance from the ice of ten and one-half inches.

Most of the hair-lifting episodes will take place at the hairpin and letter S curves, for when these juggernauts hit top speed around the curves there is all the action any sport would want. Last year the daring Red Devil team of Saranac Lake flashed down the mile-and-a-half course in one minute and fifty-two seconds at an average speed of forty-six miles an hour. But on some of the higher curves the speed of the winning bobsled exceeded a mile a minute.

Bobsledding is not simply a matter of clinging to the speeding sled. The "bob" part of it is extremely important. There is a knack of bobbing back and forth by which teams speed up momentum, and exceptional skill is required in the uniform shifting of weight around the banked turns. The driver's job calls for hair-line decisions, rapid coördination and steel nerves.

The willingness of United States racers to take desperate chances has made this country supreme in bobsledding. In 1928, at St. Moritz, the team steered by Billy Fiske won the featured event.

The skiing championships to be held on Intervales ski-hill, one of the most perfectly designed in the world, will be equally spectacular. In this sport, grace, poise and mastery of the art are considered more important than record-breaking length.

Skiing is one of the least form-controlled of all sports. Frequently a strong favorite and proven contender turns in an unexpectedly poor performance, simply because he failed to wax his skis correctly. The job of waxing skis is a delicate one and requires great skill.

The Scandinavians are favored in both the jumping and long-distance ski racing, though the Finns have an excellent chance in the latter and the Canadians in the former. In the long-distance race, Sweden has a strong candidate in Sven Utterstrom, who has twice done the best time for the 50-kilometer race, and there are six others of first-class rank in his contingent. His leading rivals are Martti Lappalainer of Finland, who won the Holmenkollen 50-kilometer race in 1929, and V. Saarinen, also of Finland. The Japanese have taken up skiing with enthusiasm and are sending a large delegation.

In skiing muscular control is the keynote, both in jumping and cross-country racing, for even in the latter the necessity of clearing obstacles, crossing rough contours and making sharp turns makes it a hazardous sport. There are rigid patterns of style for each part of a ski-jump. The start, the glide, the take-off and the landing, all are judged in much the same fashion as a fancy-diver's form is checked and rated. During the cross-country races there will be three or more stopping periods for food and rest. The distances are thirteen and thirty-two miles.

Beating Canada will be the hardest assignment any country has to face at hockey. Both previous Olympic winners were Canadian sextets, which is not surprising. The Winnipeg Hockey Club will be a big favorite at Lake Placid, in spite of keen preparations made by the United States to break down Canadian supremacy. There will also be hard competition from Germany, Sweden, Poland, France and Switzerland.

Speed and figure skating and the dog-sled races are other features. Irving Jaffee of New York, who won the 10,000-meter race in 1928, is in fine form after his New Year's victory in the Middle States championship at Newburgh. Ivar Ballangrud of Norway, the 5,000-meter champion, will also be present.

Elsie Muller and Lillian Corke are two of the leaders in the women's division of speed skating, while Sonja Hiene of Norway, the 1928 winner, is well in the lead among the star figure-skaters of the world. Miss Beatrix Loughran and Miss Maribel Vinson are two other leaders in this event.

Many still recall the famous dog-team dash to Nome when Leonard Seppala delivered greatly needed medical supplies. This veteran, a small man beyond fifty years of age, will be a prominent entry in the dog-sled races. Three Harvard students, Norman Vaughan, Edward F. Goodale and Fred Crockett, who drove the sled dogs for the Byrd South Pole expedition, are also entered. Mrs. Kaare Hansen, one of the leading women drivers, will represent Norway.

The twenty-five-mile course is waiting at Lake Placid where the dog team of Walter Channing of Boston has defeated the best entries from both sides of the Canadian border for the past two years.

This year the call of the North has sounded a clearer note at Lake Placid than this country has ever heard before. And there will be more thrills, color, speed and stamina than this side of the Atlantic has ever known on competitive fields of ice and snow.

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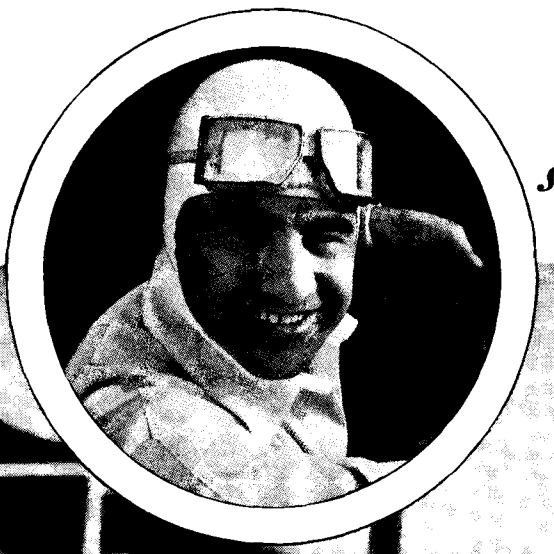
"I've never had a Ride like this"—



says Peter De Paolo

PETER DE PAOLO, HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD FOR 500 MILES AT INDIANAPOLIS

FAMOUS RACE DRIVER TELLS THRILLING STORY OF DRAMATIC 10-DAY TEST RUN OF NEW DESOTO SIX

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"They told me to put the new DeSoto Six through its paces. Go the limit and get the truth. I did.

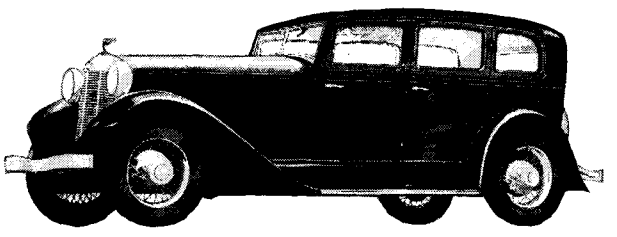
"Ten thrilling days. 3,000 cross-country miles. Over the worst of the Alleghenies. With a final 300-mile sprint on a track hitting well over 70 miles an hour at times.

"What a car! Better writers than I have tried to describe the thrill of Floating Power. But when I say this car has absolutely no vibration . . . I mean it.

"You spot it instantly . . . right from the get-away. Increase your speed . . . 20, 30, 40 . . . it's always the same uncanny smoothness. And wide open you just 'float' along. I tell you . . . it's the easiest car I've ever driven.

"And imagine the thrill of driving without touching the clutch. It's automatic . . . your left foot is free. No buttons to press. No gadgets.

"I'm not an artist . . . or a beauty expert either. But one thing that delighted me was the front view of the new DeSoto. It gives the impression of speed and of power that I always associate with racing cars. Yes, Sir . . . this car has everything. Go and see it. You've got a big thrill coming."



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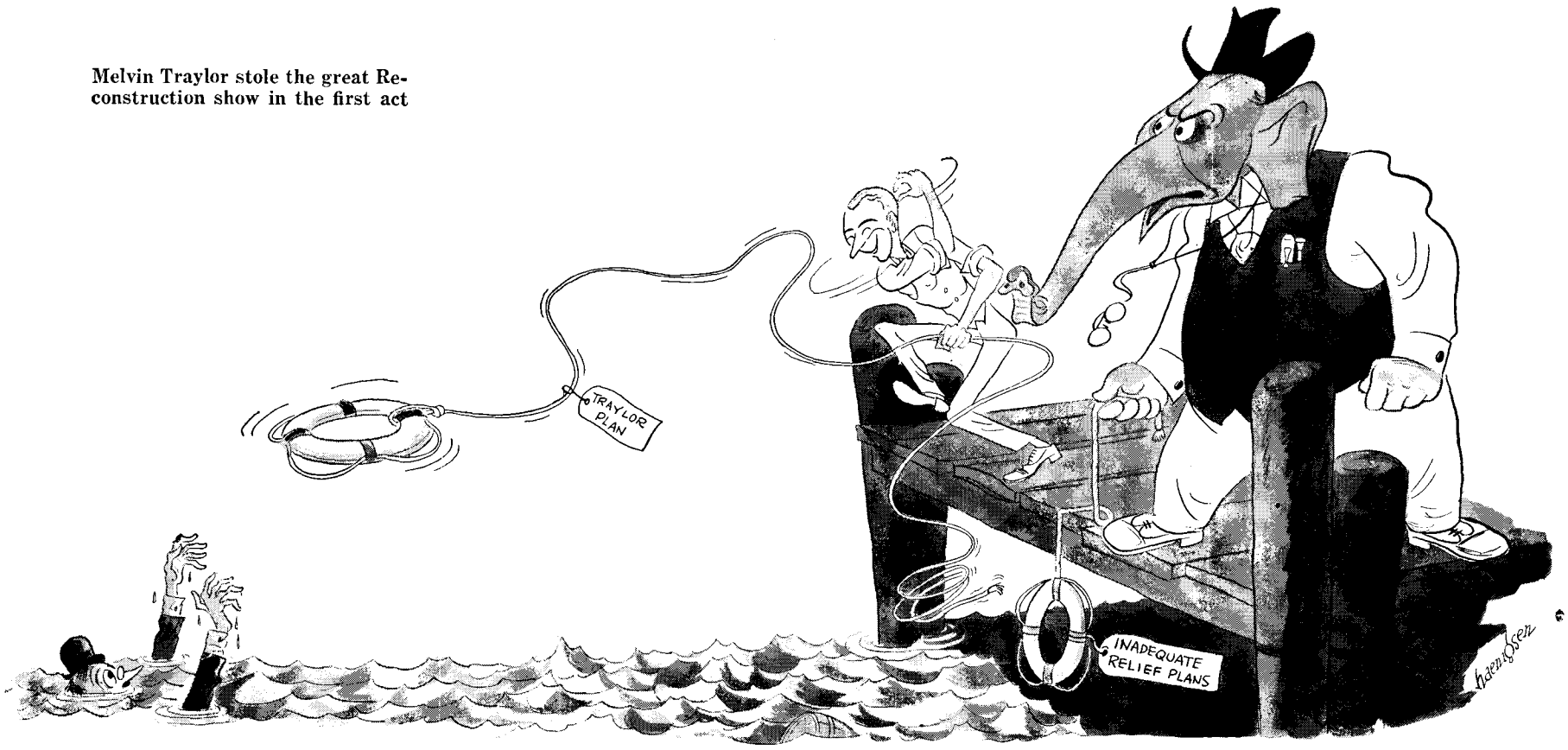
Melvin Traylor stole the great Reconstruction show in the first act



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Front-Paging Mister Traylor

And Mayor Hague, the Last Boss

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

KEEP your eye on Melvin A. Traylor, the Chicago banker. If he makes one more appearance in Washington as successful as his appearance near Christmas time before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency when it was holding hearings on the Hoover Reconstruction Corporation, you will have to put him pretty high up on your list of Democratic Presidential possibilities.

He has appeared three times in Washington in the last few months and each time he has rung the bell. The first time he made a striking speech before the International Chamber of Commerce. The second time he appeared before the La Follette Committee. And the third time was the one I have just mentioned, when he turned the Hoover reconstruction plan into capital for the Democrats.

And so easily! He pointed out that the Hoover plan had overlooked one of the most important things to do in this emergency, releasing to depositors some of the two billions of money now tied up in failed banks by lending half a billion or so to the receivers of such banks to be paid out at once to depositors. Here was a lot of buying power that could be restored to the people at no risk to the Federal government.

The Republicans had missed a trick. They hadn't even thought of this obvious means of relieving the existing situation. I suppose there are a couple of million of these depositors of failed banks, all of voting age. The instant Traylor made the suggestion it was plain that it would inevitably be adopted. The Republicans listening to him turned green. I remarked to the reputed author of the reconstruction bill, who was present, "That man Traylor is an intelligent fellow." He turned away and pretended not to hear me.

They don't like him, these Republicans. He has the awkward habit of having ideas and of expressing them very freely to no matter whom. He talks right up to Presidents, secretaries of the Treasury, governors of Federal Reserve banks and to all sacred persons.

John Garner, describing the character of a certain public man in Washington, said to me, "He has one weakness. He is the kind of man who always feels he has to cuddle up to people." Mel Traylor is not the kind that "cuddles up." So the gentlemen in Washington who are saving us with words feel uncomfortable whenever he comes to town.

This banker has obviously a keen sense of publicity. One has to compare him with that other Chicago banker, Charles G. Dawes.

But when Dawes is through with one of his public appearances you feel that you have been witnessing a publicity stunt. Dawes' striking effects are one-half acting and one-half picturesque vocabulary. Perhaps it is enough to point my contrast to say that Traylor smokes nothing more conspicuous than a cigarette.

He is a slender, quietly dressed man, of about fifty, but remarkably young-looking. He talks quietly, uses no bizarre words, smiles a good deal, is unassuming, almost deferential, in his courtesy, but he does not actually bow to any of the sacred calves. His publicity does not spring from theatricality or a desire to create a stir. It springs from the good sense of what he says. Good sense and an unwillingness to "cuddle up" are a first-page story in Washington.

They Called Him Blessed

Of course he has rare personal charm. You cannot talk with him ten minutes without feeling that. He was described very well by Jay G. Hayden, writing to the Detroit News: "He gives an impression of youth and courage in a time when most of the national leaders appear old and scared." Is the world going to hell in a handcart? Well, you don't feel quite so much that way after seeing him and hearing him talk.

Why should he be taken seriously as a candidate for President aside from the fact that two million depositors in failed banks—quite a few votes—rose and called him blessed the moment he testified in Washington? This country is in a kind of a mess and we'd all like to get out of it not later than during the next national administration. A good many thoughtful people feel that the Democratic party will lose a great opportunity if it does not put in the presidency a man who knows something about what is the matter with this country and the world. This is no time for boy scouts or old political hacks. Better Mr. Hoover. So many people think of a great business man, and then they shudder and say, "But the next President must know politics."

Well, here is a great business man who is a politician to his fingertips. He is the president of one of the greatest banks in the country outside of Wall Street, which reservation is all to the good. He is a close friend of Owen D. Young and was taken by Mr. Young as an adviser at the conference when the Young Plan was adopted.

I understand that he disagreed with Mr. Young about some aspects of the plan, and was probably right in doing so. At least he has some experience of the international situation. As a young man in Texas he was in politics, filling one or two elective county offices before he went into banking. And he has always been in politics since he became a banker in Chicago. He keeps the peace among the irritable Democratic factions in Illinois. A man who can do that must be something of a politician.

All I say about Mr. Traylor as a possible candidate is based on the possibility that Governor Roosevelt's nomination may be blocked. I don't know yet whether it will be. But with Newton D. Baker at least tacitly a candidate and likely to have the support of the Ohio delegates to the Democratic national convention, the opposition to Roosevelt is bringing up its heavy guns.

Other possible candidates catching the eye of the country are John Garner and Melvin Traylor. It is not quite the one-man case that it was.

Frank Hague, Master Mind

The will, the energy, the driving force behind the opposition to Roosevelt I conceive to be Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. His real candidate is Owen Young. Hague carries the New Jersey delegation around in his pocket.

Mayor Hague is the last of the line, the last of the bosses. He does not like to be called a boss, but somehow the word sounds sweet to me. In this age of political bumble-puppydom, oh! for a George Brennan or for a Penrose in the other party!

Hague is the one man with the habit of mastery. You may talk of Tammany all you like, but there isn't a machine anywhere else in the country like Hague's Hudson County machine. It delivers. On the day before election Hague will say, "Hudson County will give 150,000 Democratic majority," and on election day it produces 155,000.

On the night before election he calls his district leaders together. Tall and thin and dressed like a fashion-plate, he speaks to them about getting out the vote. Suddenly he will turn fiercely upon one of them. "You, Pat Reilly, last election I told you I expected of you 15,000 majority in your district and you only got 12,000. This year you will give the ticket 18,000 majority or on the day after election there'll be a better man in your place!" And Pat Reilly quails in his shoes.

If anyone pulls the opposition to Roosevelt together and inspires it with a fighting purpose I expect it will be Hague of New Jersey.

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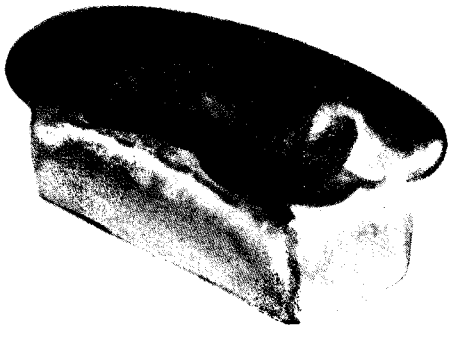
BAKING

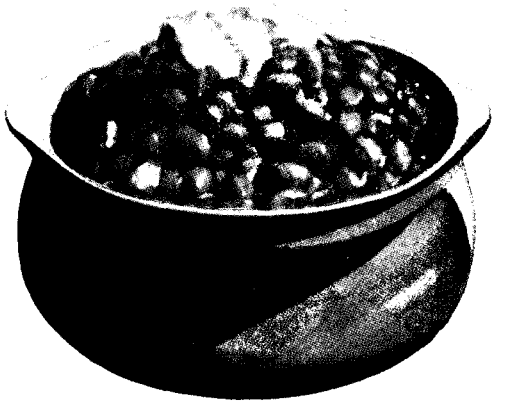
MAKES POTATOES BETTER

BAKING



MAKES BREAD FEATHER-LIGHT

BAKING



MAKES BEANS YIELD UP ALL THEIR LUSCIOUS GOODNESS

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED · MOST BEANS AREN'T

THERE'S something about baking that makes foods taste better. The dry heat of the oven gives breads a light, fluffy texture no other method can equal. And that's doubly true of beans. Only baking can bring out the full richness of their nut-sweet goodness.

Probably you think that the beans you now use are baked. Don't be too sure! Look at the label. Unless it plainly reads "Baked", those beans aren't baked. Most beans aren't baked at all—they're either steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there's the same wide difference that there is between a boiled potato and a flaky, mealy baked potato.

Heinz Beans taste better because they're baked—yes, baked in regular dry-heat ovens like your own. Oven-baking makes Heinz Beans marvelously light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through the beans—just as butter permeates through a baked potato. One taste of their luscious golden-brown goodness—and you'll never buy another can of beans that doesn't bear the Heinz label.

Yes, you'll like Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans better—and you'll like, too, the variety of styles in which they come. Four styles to choose from—all baked! Two varieties in tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then, Boston Style—with pork, in a rich, savory sauce flavored with molasses. And, lastly, Red Kidney Beans—with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve.

Try all four styles of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. You and your family will enjoy beans more—and want them oftener. A delicious dish, and a nourishing one, too—all the food value of meat and potatoes. But to get the true baked bean flavor—insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Get some—the next time you're at your grocer's!

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FOUR KINDS OF HEINZ BEANS . . . . . ALL BAKED

Boston Style—with Pork

With Tomato Sauce—and Pork

UNLESS THE LABEL SAYS "BAKED"—THEY AREN'T BAKED BEANS!

In Tomato Sauce—without Meat—"Vegetarian"

Red Kidney Beans—with Pork

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Enjoying this unusual performance, you find that in every other way Pontiac attains the same quality standard. Driving is extremely pleasant, with every convenience at your command. Economy is remarkable, both in first cost and in running expense. Riding comfort is exceptional. Body interiors are furnished and fitted with the good taste and care in detail that assure pride of ownership.

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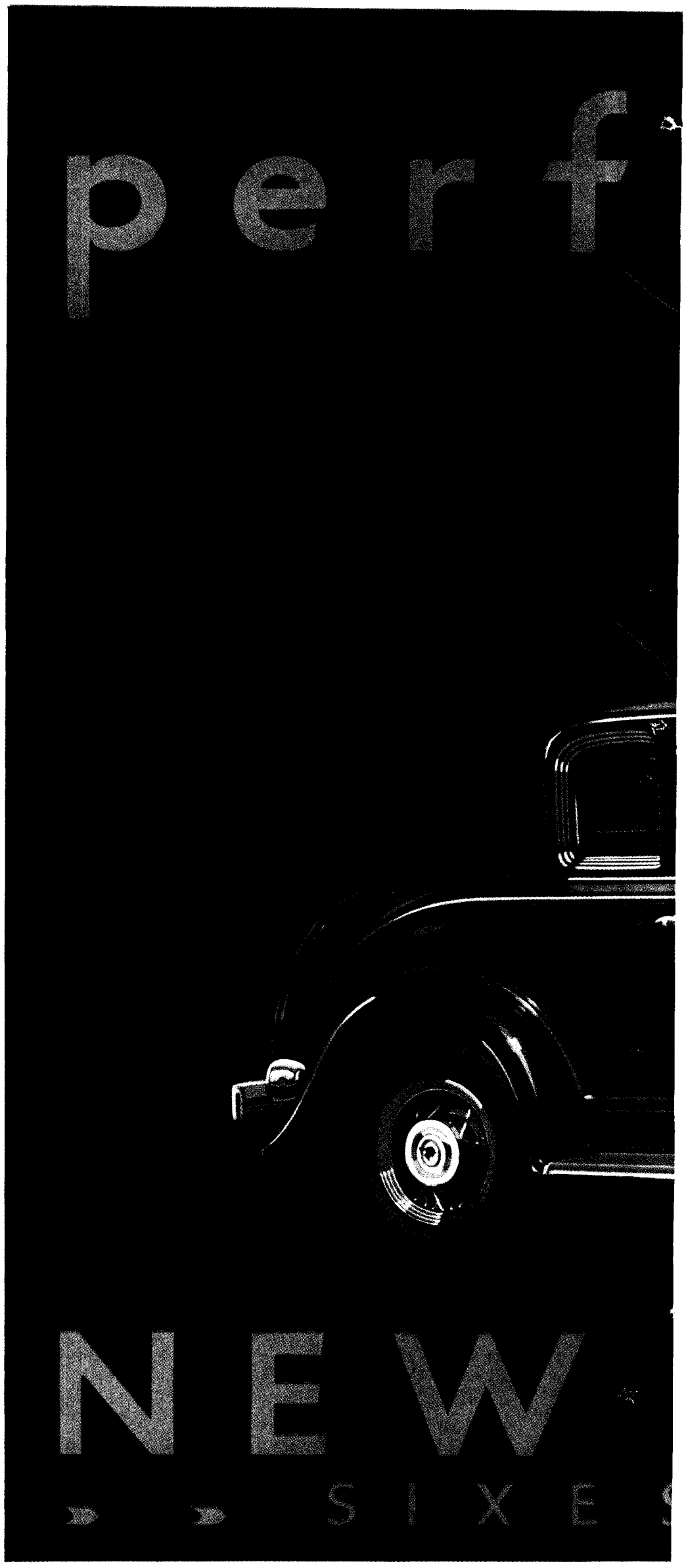
See these two splendid cars—inspect them—drive them. You will agree that the 1932 Pontiac, as a Six or an Eight, is indeed—

AN OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



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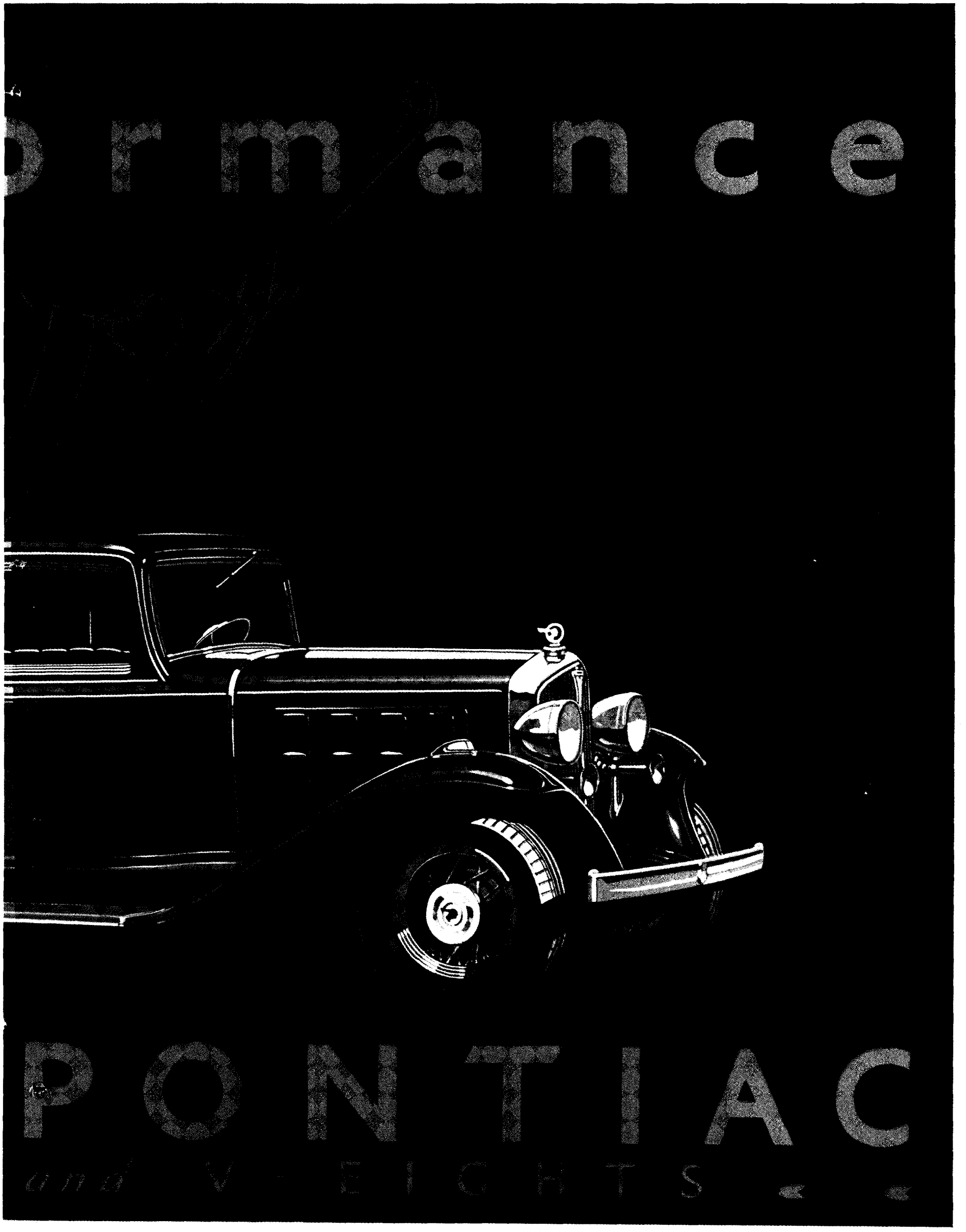

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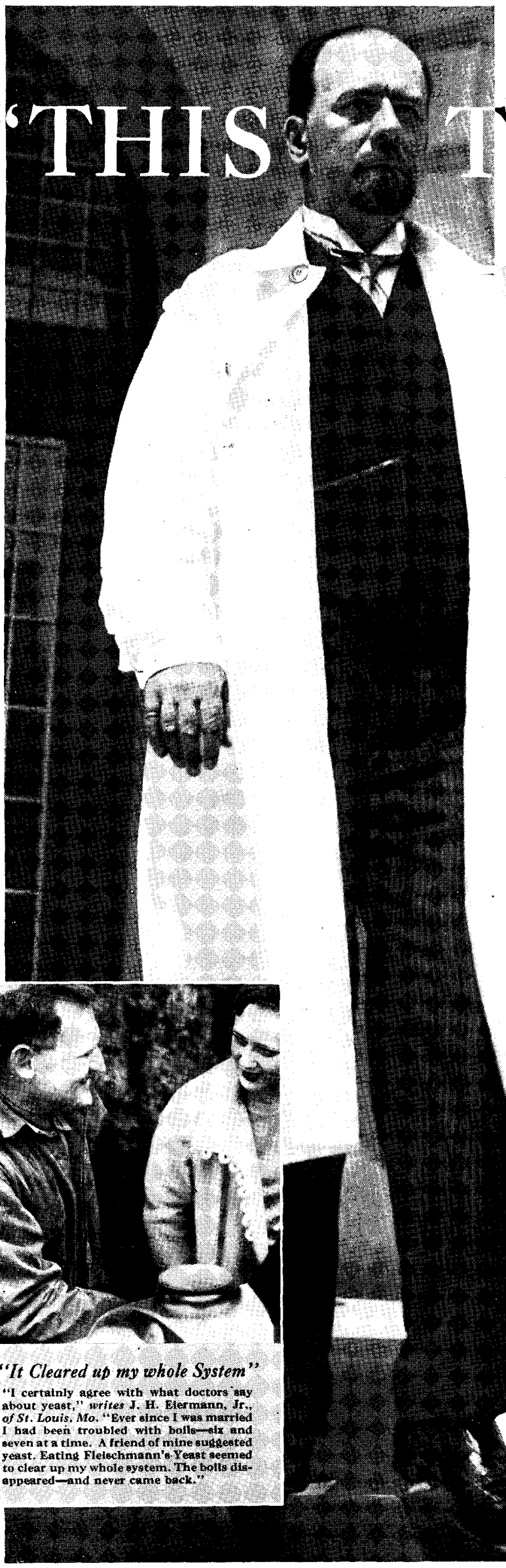

"THIS TROUBLE is unpleasant—*dangerous*..."

"Many people who have constipation are not aware of it," states Dr. Januschke, noted expert of the City Hospital, at Baden, near Vienna, Austria.

Fresh yeast, eaten daily, keeps intestines active, clean—restores "pep," he says.

declares DR. JANUSCHKE, the noted Vienna hospital authority

SLUGGISH INTESTINES! Cause of more ill health—*more actual, permanent sickness*—than any other one disease!

That's a broad statement. But doctors—including many of the world's foremost authorities—say it is literally true.

For example . . . Dr. Hans Januschke, of Vienna, famous author of "The Treatment of Constipation," says:—

"Incomplete and delayed elimination of food residues leads to poisons which filter into the blood. Many dangerous diseases result.

"In correcting constipation," he explains, "cathartics and laxative drugs are not successful.

"Fresh yeast corrects constipation in a natural way . . . It strengthens the fatigued intestinal muscles and restores normal action . . . so that wastes are regularly expelled."

Eaten regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and re-invigorates your sluggish intestines!

At the same time it softens and helps you clear away the waste masses that are poisoning you.

Thus the underlying *cause* of ninety per cent of your health worries exists no more! You digest your meals more easily. Appetite returns. Bad breath, coated tongue, headaches, skin eruptions, etc., disappear.

So decide now if you don't owe Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—3 cakes every day.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, G and D. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington Street, New York City.

What Noted Physicians say

The personal physician to Marshal Foch, DR. HENRI LECLERC, of Paris, states: "Fresh yeast accomplishes gently what cathartics attempt violently." DR. PITTALUGA, of Madrid, physician to former Spanish royalty, says: "Yeast will banish constipation, aid digestion."

"It Cleared up my whole System"

"I certainly agree with what doctors say about yeast," *writes* J. H. Eiermann, Jr., *of St. Louis, Mo.* "Ever since I was married I had been troubled with boils—six and seven at a time. A friend of mine suggested yeast. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast seemed to clear up my whole system. The boils disappeared—and never came back."

Important **Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise!**

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Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

"Where is my son? He is not dead, Signor. I would know it. But you, Signor, can find him because you are an American"

She'll Never Know

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Roger Burlingame

LINA worked for some English friends of mine who lived in a villa at Santa Balena. She was an old woman; that is to say, she was forty-five in a land where all the women are married at seventeen.

Lina did everything for the Robinsons: she cooked, made the beds and waxed the tile floors until they were dangerous to walk upon. The Robinsons were kind enough to Lina but they could not talk to her—having no Italian except words about food and money—and Lina, like all Italian women, wanted above all things to be talked to.

The first night I dined with the Robinsons, soon after they moved in, I saw that Lina was looking at me continuously as she waited on the table. There was something so urgent in her expression that, when dinner was over, I said to Robinson, "I think she wants to speak to me," and stayed in the dining-room.

"Do you want to speak to me, Lina?" I said, and all the strain went suddenly out of her face.

"But," she said, "you are an American. You talk Italian."

"Yes."

Lina waited a moment while she struggled to accept this contradiction.

"New York?" she said at last. "Or Buenos Aires?"

"New York."

If I had said Philadelphia or Seattle the conversation might have stopped there and I should have been happier.

"Well then," said Lina, "you can tell me about my boy."

"No, Lina, I can't," I said. "New York is large and I don't know him."

"I have written many times to my brother-in-law in Buenos Aires and he knows nothing."

"Buenos Aires is farther from New York than Santa Balena."

"YES, he says it is far, but they are both in America. My boy left me ten years ago and went to New York to make a fortune. For six years he wrote to me and sent me much money, but since four years he does not write. Nothing, nothing, since four years. He was in business; the business went well. I still have some money which I tell no one, but where is my son? He is not dead, Signor! I would know it; he is not dead! But you, Signor, you can find him because you are an American. I will tell you his name. His name is Gino."

"All Italians are named Gino," I said.

Lina smiled, too, at that.

"But I will write out his family name for you," she said.

I tried to explain the vastness of New York. I grouped Genoa and Milan and Rome and Naples together and said that New York was bigger than that.

"So then you can do nothing, Signor?"

"I am sorry, Lina. It displeases me. But what can I do? No, I can do nothing."

"Americans can do anything," said Lina and went out of the room.

I joined the Robinsons, who thought it odd that I could have so much to say to Lina. But then the Robinsons could never understand why I had bothered to learn Italian anyway.

As a matter of fact, knowing Italian got me into many things in Santa Balena. People were always calling on me and asking me to arrange for them to go to America.

"Why?" I would ask.

"Because over there they earn two hundred lire a day for a labor of eight hours."

"And they must spend two hundred to live. But what can *I* do? There is the quota."

Sometimes they would say: "It is said that you are the most intimate friend of the Signor President of the United States. You could write him a letter."

But sometimes they would sigh, saying: "It seems that you do not wish the good Italians in your country."

One day I was out with fisherman Luigi, who could never understand why I wanted to catch fish with a hook and line. Luigi broke a long silence, saying: "When the Signor returns to America, he will pack me in his trunk."

"Nonsense," I said. "What for?"

"So I can earn twenty dollars, four hundred lire, a day for a work of eight hours. I know. I had a cousin—a mason . . ."

He stopped, pulled up his line and shook his head at the little fish he had caught. But he did not go on about his cousin.

"You'll get in trouble if you go over there," I said.

HIS eyes flashed at me as if I had guessed his thought and color came into his face.

"Never!" he said. "Never! I know about the speak-lows."

I thought a moment and said, "What?"

"Where they sell the contraband liquor. I know! A boy went out from here once. He was in a restaurant there in New York. Then he was in a speak-low. Then he was on a truck and he had to shoot a man because the man was a policeman and the truck was full of contraband liquor."

Luigi was dramatic and made the motions of shooting with a revolver. He even closed one eye, aiming.

"Yes," he said. "But they did not send him to the electric armchair because he said he stood to defend himself when he shot. Instead they put him in prison for all his life. He has been in prison for four years."

"How did you hear all that?" I asked. "Did he write you?"

"No," said Luigi, "but my cousin . . ."

He stopped and looked out at the western horizon.

"Oh, your cousin the mason," I said, "who makes twenty dollars a day?"

Luigi did not answer.

"Does everyone in Santa Balena know?" I asked.

"No," said Luigi. "Only the men know about Gino. We have sworn an oath never to tell the women. If we told the women they would tell his mother."

"Oh," I said.

HE LOOKED at me oddly for a moment and then fear came into his face.

"*Madonna mia!*" he said. "You will not tell her?"

"I have no way of knowing who she is," I said.

"But I have said his name."

"All Italians are named Gino," I said.

Luigi smiled at that because Italians are quick at seeing jokes on themselves. He seemed satisfied and we went on fishing in silence.

But always after that, whenever I went up to the Robinsons' villa, all the men on the *piazza* stopped what they were doing and stood, following me with their eyes.

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TABLEAU . . . newest and smartest of candy packages . . . yet amazingly uncostly! For Valentine's Day, these same fresh chocolates are packed in French heart packages.

HOW much more your Valentine Candy will mean, if it shows that extra little modicum of thoughtfulness that women appreciate so much! If the freshness is perfect . . . the package modern . . . the candies richly flavored, utterly delicious . . .

Why take chances? There's *one* candy that never fails you! . . . Just insist that your Valentine package bears the name of *Johnston*. Then, there's no slightest possibility of her disappointment.

Indeed, why should you *ever* risk inferior candies? The year round, Johnston offers assortments for every taste and purse.

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JOHNSTON'S CHOCOLATES, Milwaukee, Wis.
Send free, "My 3 Smartest Bridge Parties."
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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 9

hated the business. And his hatred was in no wise lessened by the warm greetings he received from office boys, stenographers, his father's private secretary, and from old Sturgis Resolve himself.

That rubicund gentleman's countenance lighted with pleasure as Dean came into his private office. He was of the old-fashioned type and saw no reason why he should not kiss his son, and he did so heartily, and then stepped back and pumped Dean's right hand.

"Good boy, good boy," he kept repeating.

Dean patted his father on the back. He felt a surge of affection for this inefficient, somewhat pompous but thoroughly likable old gentleman.

"How's Mother?" he asked.

"Well. Extremely well," said his father. "She—er—has gone in for numerology, Son."

Dean chuckled.

"Bless her heart. Okay with you?"

His father tried to frown, then laughed.

"Thinks the firm would do better if we changed our name to Resolute instead of going along with the old name. But I talked her out of it."

"I should hope so," grinned Dean. "How long has she been that way?"

"Oh, three or four months. But there's a new yogi visiting Mildred Saunders—your mother is at Tuxedo now—and from what your mother tells me over the phone—she called this morning to ask after you—I think numerology's day is about ended."

"How's everything?" asked Dean.

"We-e-ll, not so good." The father avoided the son's eyes. "But why talk business, now?"

There was a brief silence; then:

"Dean, that other matter—are you going to marry Rita Clayborne?"

"If God is very kind to me, and Rita will have me—yes," said Dean.

"She's married," ventured his father.

"That's hardly news to me," said Dean dryly.

"RITA CLAYBORNE is one of the loveliest women I have ever known," said the older man. "God knows I would be happy—proud—to see her your wife, but—she *is* married."

"You said that before," said Dean.

"Well, let me put it this way—she has a husband."

"That, too, is not news," said Dean. "A young girl, rushed into marriage with a pig—everyone knows what he is, Dad. He doesn't rate Rita—never did rate her. Why, I don't even believe he loves her or ever did love her. She was beautiful and young—I'll tell you things, Dad, that I've never mentioned to anyone—not even to Rita. He's never been true to her. Rita—I don't think Rita knows that. But I do. Do you think I'd deliberately set out to take a man's wife away from him if that man were decent, if he cared for his wife, if he were faithful to her?

"I made it my business, the minute I knew that Rita was the only woman in the world for me, to find out about Clayborne. I learned enough to sicken me. A little sewer rat, that's what he is, with the morals of an alley cat. Rita doesn't know these things. I couldn't tell her. She despises Clayborne for what he *is*, not for what he *does*. She loves me. It took a long time for me to tell her that I loved her, and it was hell for her, Dad, to face the fact that she loved a man not her husband. Rita—" his voice was husky—"Rita is—wonderful."

"No one could meet her once without realizing that, Dean," admitted his father, "but—she *is* married and I had hoped that—well, that six months away from her would—well, make you forget her."

"I don't think anything could do that, Dad," said Dean.

"I was afraid of that," said his father.

"Afraid?" Dean bristled.

"Clayborne is all you call him," said the older man. "But—even rats fight—even alley cats, cornered, show their teeth and claws."

"You know something—more than you're saying, Dad," said Dean, his face white. "Has Clayborne talked?"

"Yes, he's talked," said Sturgis Resolve. "He's talked to me. He's said that—"

Dean rose to his feet.

"Not now, Dad. I don't want to hear a thing until I've seen Rita. If she loves me—if she'll leave Clayborne, then nothing in the world will stop me from marrying her."

HIS taxi took him to the Resolve home on East Seventieth Street, a home that had seemed quite uptown when, thirty-five years ago, Sturgis Resolve had taken his bride from her own home on Washington Square to the more magnificent location just off Fifth Avenue. There Dean's brother—dead these many years—had been born, and there he had come to assuage the grief of parents stricken by their earlier loss.

Across the Avenue was the Park where he had played as a child; a few blocks away was Tony's cigar-stand where he had purchased his first furtive cigarette. There was rumor that Tony's two sons stood high in gangdom now, beyond fear of those police from whom they had always fled in boyhood days when Dean had persuaded them to take him swimming in the polluted waters of the East River.

Everything had changed, but to Dean everything was the same once he had passed the portals of his home. For Mrs. Resolve, despite her amiable eccentricities and superstitions—or perhaps because of them—was an excellent housekeeper to whom servants were part of the family, and it was unthinkable that anything short of marriage or death should banish a servant from the Resolve home.

So Norah, who opened the front door for him, was not merely a servant, but an old and valued friend who frankly wept at sight of him. Petersen, who carried his bags to his room on the third floor, had more than once cuffed him for boyish misbehavior. Oh, it was good to be back. But it was also good—better—to know that within twenty minutes he would see Rita.

He reached for the private telephone beside his bed, when once the servants had reluctantly departed. Beside the instrument was a thick pile of letters, but they could wait.

But could they? There, on the top, was a special delivery, in the unmistakable—though its receipt had never been too frequent—handwriting of Jinny Carpenter.

He had completely forgotten, during this morning, Jinny's message. His mind was so full of Rita that nothing else existed for him but the Gracious Lady. But now—he reached for the letter. Then he put it down. It could wait; it *must* wait, until he had heard that lovely cool voice whose accents he had not listened to for six months. He got her number.

"Mrs. Clayborne? Tell her that Mr. Resolve is calling."

Let Sam Clayborne talk—or threaten, for that matter. It would be like the man to set his servants to spy upon Rita. Well, let him. This very day Rita would leave that house where some strange pride, some fear for the lasting quality of Dean's love—some queer reason—had made her remain. If the servant chose to tell her master that Dean Resolve had telephoned—well, Dean Resolve would see Clayborne in person, before a day had elapsed, and make him *like* it.

"Dean?"

"Rita! . . . It's been so long."

"Eternity," she breathed.

"But I've come back, Rita. Come back to get your answer—"

"You know what it must be," she said.

What tricks memory plays upon us! Her voice was lovelier than he had remembered. Cool, not too high, like the middle notes of some celestial instrument. . . .

"Tell me now. No, don't," he cried. "I—I'm a schoolboy, Rita, a child. I—won't anticipate. I want—surprise, I guess. I want to see you—"

"And I you," she told him.

"May I come—now?" he asked.

"In half an hour," she said.

"I won't—even talk any more, Rita. I—oh, Rita, it's been so hard."

"Do you think it has been easier for me?" she asked.

"You darling. Rita! Don't keep me waiting. Be waiting for me."

She laughed, and in that laugh was all the tenderness that he knew was in her eyes, that had made him give her, in his heart, the name by which he always thought of her.

He hung up the telephone and for a full minute sat motionless. There could be no doubt of her reply. She would leave her husband, get a divorce, and marry Dean Resolve.

No easy thing for such a woman as Rita Clayborne to do. Marriage, to her, was no cloak to be put off or on at whim. He knew how sacred the right kind of marriage would be to Rita. But this marriage which she had endured for five years—this was a sacrilege, not a sacrament. And she didn't know how Clayborne had degraded that marriage. She was leaving him for matters that were less, even, than the things Dean knew.

Oh, had he been able to tell her these things, his own happiness would not have been so long postponed, nor would Rita's have been deferred. But one couldn't tell a man's wife, no matter how one longed for her, things about her husband. One must let her come to her own decision, advancing, as aid to that decision, only one's own love for her, and advancing that only when one knew, beyond a peradventure, that the husband had lost the love that should have been his most precious possession.

HE STOOD up suddenly, and as he did so his hand struck the pile of letters, knocking them to the floor. Bending over to retrieve them, his eye again noted the handwriting of Jinny Carpenter. He placed the others on the table and opened the note from her.

"Dear Old Boy," he began. "Why the rush? Why the cable? Why the demand that I radio a reply? And why, why, why think that you want to marry me? You know you don't, you old stupid. Any more than I'd dream of marrying you. I haven't so many men

(Continued on page 32)

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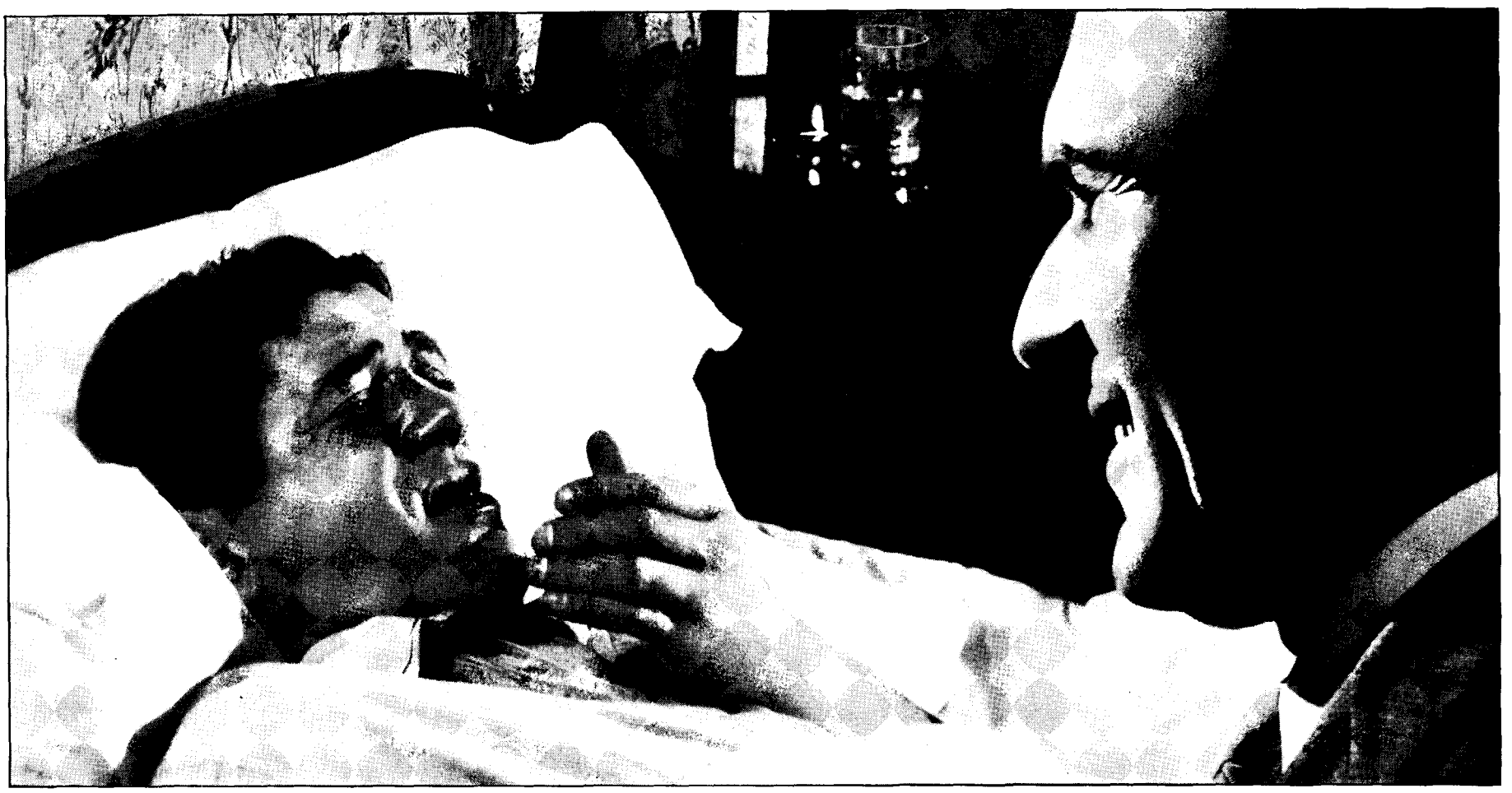
"COUGH, you chump . . it's all your own fault."



Now millions prevent colds by twice-a-day *Listerine Gargle*

66% *reduction shown in tests*

Now people are beginning to realize that if they have a cold they have only themselves to blame.

They are learning that ordinary colds can frequently be prevented . . . their number often reduced 50% and sometimes 66%. One cold a year instead of three.

Twice-a-day Gargle Does It

Wise eating, moderate exercise, ample rest are half the battle in warding off colds. The other half is the systematic twice-a-day gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

For Listerine, by scientific tests, is revealed as a splendid aid in preventing colds and reducing their severity and duration. Never have its swift germ-killing power and safe healing action been so clearly disclosed. Below is a brief outline of one of the many tests and its results.

One-half as many Colds

204 persons in normal health were under medical observation for a period of one month to four-and-a-half months. One-third of them did not gargle with Listerine. One-third gargled twice a day. One-third gargled five times a day.

Now, note these results:

Those who gargled with Listerine twice a day had from 50% to 66% fewer colds than those who did not gargle with Listerine.

Colds ¼ as Severe

When Listerine users did contract colds, they were one-fourth as severe and lasted only one-third as long as the colds contracted by those who did not use Listerine.

Those who gargled five times a day showed even greater resistance to infection.

Safety is Answer

Only a mouth wash combining the factors of swift, germicidal effect and safe, healing action could accomplish such results. Physicians tell us that mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted before they dare be used, may, and often do, cause irritation through which germs usually enter the body. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Tried it?
LISTERINE RUB
a NEW SALVE for the quicker relief of coughs and irritation

Listerine . . effective because SAFE!

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Ask Ma— She knows!

Years of caring for her complexion have taught Ma what's best for the skin. Ask her if she'd scrub in a soapy lather; she wouldn't! (Years of watching Pa shave have probably made her pity men for their daily shaving trouble.)

Man — No More Shaving Grief — if you'll try Frostilla Brushless Shave! Here's a new cream, made to a new formula. Nothing like it before! No brush to waste time — no soap to irritate. And . . . *something more* . . . it contains a new ingredient that does away with lotions — that really conditions your skin, and leaves it cool, soothed!

You'll never know the joy of speedy, close, *comfortable* shaves—until the morning you take the cap from a Frostilla Brushless Shave tube, wet your face, spread this cream on and skim your razor over your beard. That's all! A clean shave, no matter how "blue" your beard. No nicks or cuts, no matter how you've hurried. And no lotion needed!

A week's trial, and you'll send your brush back to us, as many thousands of men have done. See offer No. 2 below—and the coupon!

TRY IT . . . "YOU CAN'T LOSE"

1 Use the coupon for FREE tube — a generous trial.

2 If you like it (and you will!) you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send you, free, a large-sized tube in exchange.

3 Buy a tube of Frostilla Brushless Shave. Your money back if you don't get the best shaves of your life! 35c, 50c; all druggists. Or if inconvenient, by mail from the Frostilla Co.

FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

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This offer expires Feb. 1933

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. (Dept. C2-13)
(*In Canada, address:* 296 Richmond St., W., Toronto)

I'm modern minded. Send me, free, a week or more of better shaves in your trial-size tube.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. N.Y. C. & Toronto

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 30

friends that I want to lose one by marrying him. And you know, fascinator though you may be, that you haven't so many girl chums that *you* can afford to reduce the number by marriage.

"Dean, forget that you ever cabled me. You must have been in a mood. Has Rita said 'no'? That isn't fresh of me, is it, Dean darling? But you *know* she's the only woman in the world for you, and always will be. And even if I loved you—which I don't, old sweet—I wouldn't be second choice.

"I never was so surprised in my life. I've been up at the Restigouche, luring the reluctant salmon from the stream—have you ever been bitten by Canadian flies, Dean?—and I only got back yesterday, found your amazing cable—'Jinny darling I love you will you marry me?'—now there's an economy of words that annoys me, Dean. Why didn't you cable me *reams* of ardor? 'Wireless me Bartonia.' Thank God you used more than ten words all told or I'd have thought you were getting a form rate from the cable company.

"Am I being crude? Forgive me, old darling. But I know you must have had a brainstorm, and must have been sick with fear lest I have one, too—and I'm not going to lose the best chum any girl ever had, so come right over—after you've seen your Rita—my God, the woman's too beautiful and too sweet to live, Dean; I lunched with her a couple of weeks ago, and she's divine—and we'll have a chat and a laugh, and take it up where we left it off. Always, Jinny."

Well, bless her heart. He certainly would go over to see her at the earliest possible moment, and he'd pretend to be angry with her for refusing him, and—it was easy to laugh with Jinny. A great girl. And his thoughts turned back to Rita, with only a casual pause to wonder, again, who had been cad enough to send Jinny the cable.

HE CHANGED his clothing. He had been dressed, this morning, in a suit of clothing over which his London tailor had expended all his genius. But when one is going to see one's best-beloved, after a long separation, one's clothing must not have even the slight discoloration caused by a dirty taxi. One's linen should not show the slightest trace of heated argument with a stupid customs inspector. One should, in short, look one's sartorial best.

From a bag he took the necklace of tiny pearls. There had been no argument with the inspector over the appraisal of that trinket. To debate, with anyone, as to the amount of duty to be paid on a present for Rita. . . . He'd never given her a present. Oh, flowers, books, candy. But never a present. She'd not wanted anything from him.

For the first time in eight years he was glad that he had had to give up painting. It was good to know that there was nothing in the world, in reason, that Rita would want that he could not cheerfully give her. To know that his partnership in the firm would bring him in sufficient income. . . . The old gentleman had been a bit disturbed this morning. He hadn't been as enthusiastic about business conditions as might have been expected. A doubt assailed Dean. Had his father, despite his promises, ventured into speculation again? Speculation—and real estate speculation, too—had nearly put Resolve and Company on the rocks eight years ago.

Oh, well, if he had, it couldn't be serious. Dean, with the vanity of youth, told himself that he'd pull the old gentleman through again as he had once before.

Rita! To think that he had never even kissed her. Oh, but he had wanted to. And she had looked at him with those sweet brown eyes, and those tender lips had twisted as though in pain.

"Dean—it's cheap. Until—until we know—that nothing in the world can keep us from belonging to each other—let's not."

And he hadn't snatched her in his arms and caressed her. That made what lay ahead today so much more sweet. For he'd kiss her today. Of course he would. He'd take that lovely being in his arms. . . .

AS HE had begged, she was waiting for him in the Clayborne drawing-room. There was no delay in admission to her presence. And if the liveried manservant lifted an eyebrow when Dean gave the man his name, Dean was too blinded by excitement to notice that.

There she was, standing by a piano, as though she had just risen from the seat before it. There seemed to linger in the room, in that dead silence in which he stared at her, the notes of some sweet song.

He looked long at her. Six months had made no change in his beloved. Perhaps there was a trace of gravity on the sweetly merry countenance, but that might be due to excitement, as her heightened color might be due, must be due, to the fierce beating of her heart.

He took a step toward her. It seemed to him that she took a step toward him. Her lips were slightly parted, and her head was thrown back; her whole being expressed that lovely surrender for which he had hoped, of which he had dreamed.

In another moment his arms would be about her. But he chose to savor the present moment. The fine black hair was faintly longer than it had been when he left. Also, it had been drawn back from her ears. The frock she wore, appropriate to January, revealed her throat, and the whiteness of her skin was almost dazzling. She never tanned or burned, he remembered.

"Rita, dearest."

"Aren't you ever going to kiss me? Aren't you ever going to take me in your arms? Aren't you ever going to ask me to marry you?"

Then he took her to him, and knew, as for two years he had hoped to know, the sweetness of her mouth, the softness of her arms.

It was long before he spoke. Then, husky almost to harshness, his voice trembled as he asked her:

"When, Rita?"

"I'm leaving tonight—for Reno, Dean. I've spoken to Sam—"

"He consented?" he asked. His tone was incredulous. Though Clayborne had affairs with a dozen other women, he *must* be mad over Rita.

"He consented," she said. "Oh—not at first. But—finally I told him that if he didn't, I—I'd take you as my lover before the world—"

"I wouldn't let you do that, Rita. I wouldn't shame—"

"What shame can there be in loving honestly?" she demanded. "But he gave in. Only yesterday, when I taxed him with the things that—oh, I won't mention them even to you, Dean. What he has been—has been. But it's ended. I'm free. But, Dean—are you sure?"

He laughed at her.

"Could any man be anything but sure that he loved you, Rita?"

She eyed him anxiously.

"But—I'll be a divorcée. Your father—your mother—"

"Are my father and mother," he said. "If they objected, I would regret it and—marry you. But, Rita, who could think of you as a—a divorced woman? You'll be my wife and that's enough for me—and for the world. Rita—let's get out of this house now. Your things—"

"Have been sent to the station. Except a suitcase and bag for the train. Will you—take me to luncheon?"

"This minute," he replied.

"Oh, it's early for luncheon," she objected. "But we can ride in a taxi—anywhere. My things are in the front hall—"

"Then let's get them," he said eagerly.

HE TOOK her in his arms, kissed her gently, then drew her across the threshold of the door of the drawing-room. And as they reached the hall, Sam Clayborne let himself in from the street. He looked up quickly.

"Ah, Resolve. Thought I'd find you here. I want a little talk with you."

"I want none with you," said Dean coldly.

"Afraid?" sneered Clayborne.

His squat bulk seemed menacing in the dim light of the hall.

"No, not afraid," replied Dean.

"Well, you'd better be," said Clayborne. He moved a step nearer Resolve, and his broad countenance was twisted in a grin.

(To be continued next week)

"But he particularly wants black shorts, trimmed with orange . . . he's a Princeton '92 man" *P. Webb*

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It would not buy so much, IF. . .

YOUR NICKEL would not get so much or so efficient telephone service, if it were not for the savings that result from the Bell System-Western Electric relation. Western Electric is supplier to the Bell System, of which it is a member. Its customers, the telephone companies, are also members. This close relation makes possible: (1) minimum sales expense (2) more accurate and economical scheduling of production (3) the advantages of quantity buying—Western Electric buys for the entire system, huge quantities at favorable prices (4) direct distribution, saving several intermediate profits. All this spells economy—which is passed on to you, the telephone public.

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"I'm CROUPY —GET THAT Listerine RUB quick!"

SPASMODIC croup wears out baby and allows mother little rest.

Mothers tell us that repeated applications of Listerine Rub so quickly relieve congestion, that sleep for both baby and mother is possible.

Listerine Rub contains five rubefacients. They redden the skin without burning it, stimulate the flow of blood, penetrate deep and therefore relieve congestion very quickly. At the same time, the vapours from the Rub are inhaled through the mouth and nose and help to clear up the air passages.

At the first symptom of cold or croup in children, or if you yourself feel a cold coming on, rub Listerine Rub on back, chest, and throat every three hours. You will be delighted with the quick relief it gives.

The makers of Listerine waited many years before bringing out this new counter-irritant salve. They believe it to be superior in every way. It penetrates deeper. It is stainless. It comes in a tidy tube instead of a messy jar. And it costs you 25¢. Get a tube at your local druggist's. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Stainless!

THE SALVE THAT RELIEVES CONGESTION

Winter Range

Continued from page 21

for me you'd never have been in this. This isn't your fight—it's never been your fight. It's mine and my father's. You're not tied into it as we are. You—"

"I'm tied into it now."

"No, no! Take your horse and ride out. Take—"

"I'll go," he told her, "when I've done this job of work."

She stared at him, her mouth twisted and quivering. "Kentucky, if there's anything in the world that I can do or say—"

He said, "I'm going to clear this thing if it splits the rimrock wide open."

"Then—then, Kentucky, can't we work it out together? If anybody in the world can make my father see reason, I can. I'll help you in every way I can, if only—"

"Ask yourself," he said, "if you've ever helped me yet. Ask yourself if you've ever told me anything, or allowed me to find out anything for myself if you could prevent it. Not two minutes ago you lied to me about the rifle!"

She said, "Just the same, you're the only one I've looked to for—"

His face was like the gray rock. "I'm just what you said I was a few minutes ago: an outsider here—an outsider to your father, and an outsider to you. I don't blame you for protecting your father. But I can tell you that if you had trusted me even so far as—"

Her head went up, and her face was white as doeskin. "Why should I trust you?"

"Why should you?" he repeated. He yanked his horse into the trail; and this time she did not stop him.

KENTUCKY JONES came into the Bar Hook layout on the dead run, dropped off his horse at the door and went pushing into the house. He made his way straight to the little side-crank wall telephone, and belled Waterman. A few moments later he was speaking to Sheriff Hopper.

"This is Kentucky Jones at the Bar Hook."

"Oh, yeah? What do you want?"

"I've found out something. Do as I say and you'll have your man in six hours."

"Why the devil should I do like you say?" came Hopper's voice, sourly.

"I'll give you proof," said Kentucky. "All I ask is that you test it for yourself."

"And when is all this going to be?" said the sheriff.

"Right now," said Kentucky. "You can shake down the proof of what I know in less than five minutes from right where you sit."

There was a long pause at the other end of the wire.

"What is it you want, Jones?" came Hopper's voice at last.

"Have you got the bullets that killed Zack Sanders?" Kentucky said.

"Of course I've got 'em!"

"And you've got the gun that was found in Sanders' hand?"

"Well?"

"Take the bullets that killed Sanders and compare them with the gun that was in Zack Sanders' hand when he was found dead. You'll find that Zack Sanders was killed with the gun that was found in his own hand."

An instant's pause was followed by an oath that scorched the wires. "Jones, you fool with me—by God, I'll learn you to fool with me!"

"All I say is look at 'em! I'm giving you your chance to get the man that killed Mason. You can do what you want to about it."

"I suppose," came Hopper's voice, "you figure Zack Sanders committed suicide!"

"Take a look," Kentucky repeated. "Fire a bullet from Zack's gun, and match it against those he was killed with. If I'm right call me back, and I'll give you the lay. Otherwise, you can go lamming around here blind until it's too late—it's all one to me." Kentucky smashed the receiver onto the hook.

He turned to find Campo Ragland standing in the doorway.

Kentucky Jones leaned against the wall. He crossed his legs, and rolled a cigarette; and the two looked at each other. Campo seemed almost literally to have increased in stature since Kentucky Jones had seen him last. His long bowed legs set him high up in the world; it was the lean breadth of his shoulders and a stooping carriage which prevented him from appearing to be as big a man as he was. And his big head, made to appear more massive by the broad receding sweep of forehead which his thinning hair had left, helped to detract from his appearance of height. But the indeterminate stoop of Campo's carriage was gone now; and as he stood with his big freckle-blotched hands holding the side of the doorway he made the doorway look small. Kentucky saw that he was armed.

Campo said slowly, "Think you can head it off, do you?"

"Maybe I do," Kentucky answered.

"I heard what you said over the phone just now." Campo's voice was lowered; but he sounded as if he had accused Kentucky of misbranding a calf.

"I knew you were listening. I heard you come in."

"I suppose," said Campo, "you've got more guts than any man on the face of this rocky up-ended earth!"

"Maybe I have," said Kentucky. "Maybe if I didn't have I wouldn't be here now."

"And you'd be better off," Campo told him.

Nobody could have said exactly when Kentucky's face had changed; but anyone looking at him now would have seen that he had small ugly eyes, and that the broken line of his nose was made uglier by the crooked line of his mouth, from one corner of which his cigarette now trailed.

"I've heard tell that the West is dead," he said. "And I always thought that was funny, with the land still here, and the cattle, and the riders working in the saddle like they always worked. But when the owner of a brand sets to working in the dark, and shoves one of his own riders into the noose because he's afraid to face out the music himself—I guess the West is gone, all right."

CAMPO faced him in silence for a little while, and the blood came up into his head, darkening his wind-reddened face. "Before a man can clean a range," he said, his voice low, "he must first clean his own outfit."

"So you think," said Kentucky, "you can convict me of killing John Mason?"

Campo snapped at him, "Who told you that?"

"I've been taken for a fool here," said Kentucky. "I expect maybe a fool is what I am, for I've let myself be used as a fool. But I'm not a blind man, and you should have allowed for that. So you think you can make it stick, do you?"

Campo Ragland still stood in the doorway as he had before, with his hands against the frame on either side; but Kentucky Jones knew that the man was tight as a banjo string. He did not miss the flick of Campo's eyes as they dropped for an instant to Kentucky's holstered gun.

"What I can make stick and what won't stick," Campo said, "I don't pretend like I know. I only know what I'm convinced of in my own mind."

"As, for instance?"

"As, for instance," repeated Campo, his eyes red and steady on Kentucky's face, "that you like to ruined us all when you shot John Mason down."

They looked at each other for a moment more, then Kentucky Jones moved his hands to the buckle of his belt. He saw the quick start of Campo Ragland's right hand toward his holster; but Kentucky only loosed his belt and tossed it aside.

"You needn't fret yourself," said Kentucky. "You're never going to get a gunfight out of me, Campo."

Campo said, "I expect not. But if you're holding off because you're gone on my girl, you can pick your gun belt up again. Because no damn' sneaking killer is fit to so much as walk where her shadow's been."

IN THE little pause Kentucky heard the outer door of the kitchen open and close, and knew that Jean had come. "Maybe you're right," he said. "Maybe I couldn't ever bring myself to gun you, because of the reason you've named. Maybe, if it wasn't for just that one thing, you'd have been talking for your life, Campo, these many days ago."

Campo Ragland's voice rose hard and tight. "If you think you can—" He checked himself.

"I don't think about what I could have done, because that's past. But I'm asking myself why you don't sing mighty small."

"What's the meaning of that?" Ragland snarled.

"I'll give you just one little pointer as to what's the meaning of that. Where's the rifle that killed John Mason? You don't know. But I know! And I could lay hands on it now."

The rounded receding sweep of Campo's forehead was marked with tortuous, distended veins that stood out in bold relief in the unfavorable slant of the light.

"Bring it out, then," Campo cried out. "If you think I'm afraid to have that rifle brought out—"

"No," said Kentucky. "It isn't me that you're afraid of. It wasn't that, that sent you prowling around in the dark trying to find a way to deliver up another man. It's the man that's swamping your range, while you sit by and watch your riders get shot."

"If you mean I'm afraid of Bob Elliot," said Campo, "you lie, and I put it to your face. And when it comes to you—come out with what you've got, and all you've got! I'd rather be dead than think you held back from it for the sake of—for the reason you're trying to make me think."

"Put that reason out of your head," said Kentucky. "When this thing's over I'm going to turn my back on the batch of you, and move on."

"No," said Campo, his voice very deep and strong, but shaken with a repressed turbulence, "you'll never be moving on." He came into the room and stood close in front of Kentucky, red-eyed as a roused bear. "Not any more," he said

(Continued on page 36)

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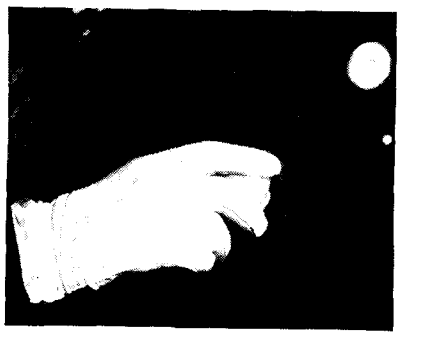
To start the Triumphant New Studebakers you simply switch on the ignition with a key. The engine instantly responds—and even should it stall at any time, it automatically starts again.



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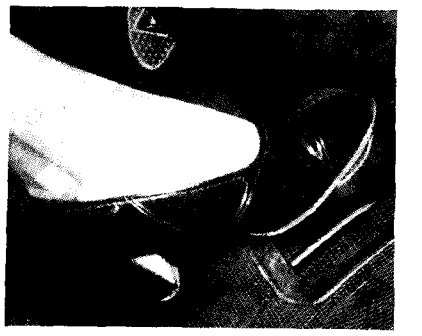

The improved Studebaker brakes are adequate to any emergency of road or traffic. Brake drums are larger. Lining that's molded and thicker doubles the life and halves the wear.

Women love to drive these *triumphant new* Studebakers

There's a grace to the Air-Curve Coachcraft of these Triumphant New Studebakers that only half suggests the commodious interior comfort of larger, wider bodies. Driving seats are instantly adjustable and very capacious. No American cars have roomier rear seats than the President and Commander Sedans—55 inches across. The Dictator Eight, and the new 117-inch Studebaker Six, have proportionately generous seat dimensions. Drastically lower in price, these Triumphant New Studebakers present a total of 32 startling betterments, chief of which is vastly finer Free Wheeling plus new *fast-action* Synchronized Shifting.

32 STUDEBAKER BETTERMENTS

1932 Free Wheeling plus Synchronized Shifting . . Safety Plate Glass All Around without Extra Charge . . Automatic Starting . . Automatic Ride Control (in Presidents and Commanders) . . Full-Cushioned Power . . Longer Bodies . . Wider Seats . . Air-Curve Coachcraft . . New Convertible Body Styles . . All Bodies Insulated Against Heat, Cold and Noise . . New Service Policy . . Closed Bodies Wired for Radio . . Improved Brakes . . New Airplane Type Instruments on Dash . . Free Wheeling Dial . . Electric Gasoline Gauge . . Metal Spring Covers . . Reflex Tail Light . . Full Automatic Spark Adjustment . . New Airplane Type Steel-Backed Engine Bearings . . Greater Cooling Capacity . . Finer Body Hardware including new positive quick action windshield mountings . . Concealed Hood Latches . . New Inside Sun Visor . . No-Glare Sloping Windshield . . Chromium-Plated Steel Spoke Wheels . . One-Piece Fenders . . Steel Running Boards . . Integral Unit Body Construction . . Heat Resisting Sponge Rubber Floor Mats . . Improved Rim Assembly . . Air Cleaner, Carburetor Silencer and Full Power Muffler . . Single Key for Ignition, Doors, Package Compartment and Spare Tire Locks.

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Increase the Value of Your Home

—a Banker and an Architect tell You How

ROBERT O. LORD
President, Guardian Detroit Bank
Detroit, Michigan

RAYMOND M. HOOD
Hood & Fouilhoux
Architects, New York

A HOME is first of all a place where you hope to live happily. But can you be happy with unexpected and heavy expense for maintenance? If you are planning to buy, build or remodel a home, it will pay you to heed the advice of a leading banker and a celebrated architect, who have had wide experience with building problems.

The Banker warns—"The real bargain in bonds or in building material is the investment that has *permanent* worth."
ROBERT O. LORD

The Architect explains—"There are no repairs of a building more annoying or more costly than those necessitated by rusting metals. Such repairs never occur where Copper and Brass have been used."
RAYMOND M. HOOD

These men have learned that rust means trouble, with costly repairs and replacements. They know, too, that Brass or Copper for plumbing assures the home owner of a full supply of clear water always, untainted by rust discoloration . . . that Copper flashings, gutters and downspouts give real roof protection and *cannot* rust . . . that Brass or Bronze hardware and lighting fixtures add *lasting* beauty to a home. As Banker Lord puts it, "The real bargain in building materials has *permanent* worth."

Rust-proof Copper and its alloys are remarkably inexpensive: a small additional investment of only $270 will give, for the average $15,000 house, the protection of rustless Copper, Brass and Bronze in all vital parts.

Read the table below . . . then write for free illustrated book which tells how Copper, Brass and Bronze will make your home a better investment.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York

This table shows how little more of each building dollar you pay for the durable service of Copper, Brass and Bronze

For Copper or Brass Plumbing . . .	3/8 of a cent
Copper Gutters, Downspouts and Flashings .	1/3 of a cent
Bronze or Brass Lighting Fixtures . . .	1/2 of a cent
Brass or Bronze Hardware	1/2 of a cent
Bronze or Copper Insect Screens . .	1/10 of a cent
Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only	**14/5 cents**

BUILD FOR PERMANENCY WITH COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

Winter Range

Continued from page 34

again. "You hear me? I've found out what you supposed nobody would ever find out. I found out that you had more reason to kill Mason than any living man!"

"And I'll make it easy for you," said Kentucky. "I'll admit it."

Ragland stared at him a moment, thunderstruck. "You—you—what?"

Suddenly Kentucky laughed in his face, silently, with an ugly twist of the mouth. "You're a fool, Campo," he said.

Campo Ragland blew up. "I've stood enough," he shouted, his voice rising in a shuddering gust. He snatched up Kentucky's gun belt and tried to thrust it into his hands. "Take your gun belt, and I'll give you the break! Take it and draw!"

"And if I don't?" said Kentucky.

"Then I'll see you crack your neck at the end of a rope!"

THERE was a small sound behind Campo Ragland, voiced inarticulately, like a word that had tried to make itself heard and could not. Looking past Campo, Kentucky saw that Jean was standing there, in the doorway where her father had stood.

Her words broke throatily, jerked and twisted, forcing their way out against an all but overmastering emotion. Yet they carried no inflection of appeal, but instead were bitter with an insupportable conviction.

"No! No, no, no! You'll never do that!"

Campo Ragland whirled. "What—what—"

The room in which they stood was shadowy, and the doorway was bright with light, so that they saw her in gray silhouette, with only the red-gold backlight upon her hair to give her figure color; and the shadows half concealed the quiver of her lips, the pallor of her face. But shadow could not hide the tormented intensity of her eyes.

"I'll never what?" her father demanded in a strange, taut voice, like the ring of overdrawn wire.

"You—you'll never deliver up Kentucky Jones!"

Campo's voice rose to a thunder. "And why will I not?"

"Because—when you do—I'll tell them all the—the truth!"

Her father's face went empty as he stared at his daughter, as if faced by an enormity too great for him to comprehend. For a moment he wavered as if his mind refused comprehension, like a horse refusing a jump. "What truth?" he managed to get out at last. "What are you talking—"

Jean's voice, broken, all but hysterical, cut him down. "You—you know—what truth! If I tell what I know, it's you that'll be hooked for the murder of Mason!"

Watching Campo, Kentucky saw the boss of the Bar Hook fold up. His height left him, and all the strength and aggression went out of his wide, lean shoulders, and a ragged palsy came into his hands. In those moments Campo Ragland turned, before their eyes, into an old man; and his voice was old, quavering, and weak and ineffectual, as he tried to speak. "Why, Jean—" he faltered; "why—Jean—Jean—"

His daughter stood rigid, shoulders up, and arms stiff at her sides, her eyes wide with the glazed brilliance of frozen water holes as she watched her father. Then her breath caught in her throat, and she began to sob brokenly; and her face streamed with the tears that had been held back for so long.

"Child, child," said Kentucky softly, "you didn't need to do that!"

Jean cried out, "Don't talk to me! Don't—"

The telephone ripped the quiet apart with a whirring clamor.

KENTUCKY stepped to the phone and took the receiver down. "Well?"

"Who's that?" came the small voice over the wire.

"Kentucky Jones, at the Bar Hook."

"This is Floyd Hopper. Kentucky, you sure got me up in the air. There ain't any question about it—Sanders was killed with the gun that was found in his hand!"

"Well?"

"It's your move, Kentucky. By God, it sure is time this thing was cleared up! What goes on here, man? Put a name to it!"

Jean said in a strangled sort of voice, "Is that the sheriff?"

"Just a minute, Hopper," Kentucky said, and turned to Jean.

"What—what are you going to do?"

"What can I do? Your father has stampeded us all. If I'd had another week I could have gentled this thing, but now the whole works has blown up under us. All we can do is try to ride it through to a finish now!" He turned back to the phone. "Tell you what you do," he said, slow and distinct into the phone. "Are you there, Hopper?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Go get Ted Baylor. Arrest him if you have to, but get him. Give a deputy the job of keeping hold of him, and don't let him out of your sight until this thing is cleared up!"

"I've already got Ted Baylor," came the sheriff's voice. "I had that from Campo before you called. What's the matter with you fellers out there?"

FOR a moment Kentucky faltered, and his face went blank, but he spoke to the phone again. "All right. Then go out to the 88 and get Bill McCord."

"That's liable to be a job for a regiment," said Hopper.

"Then get your regiment. When you've got both Ted Baylor and Bill McCord, bring them out here."

"What if Bob Elliot wants to come along with Bill McCord?" the sheriff asked. "McCord is Elliot's foreman. Elliot'll probably want to come along and stand by."

"If Elliot wants to come, let him. I don't care what Elliot does. You bring Baylor and McCord. When you've done that, I'll give you the man that killed Mason."

"Which of 'em is it?" the sheriff demanded.

"Hold the rope a minute." Kentucky turned to where Campo Ragland sat, his hands dangling limply over the arms of his chair; he was staring vaguely at the wall, and his mouth was slightly open, as though he might be a thousand miles deep in thought. "Campo," Kentucky demanded, "why did you send for Ted Baylor?"

Campo Ragland, returning slowly from the distances, stared at Kentucky a moment, almost as if without recognition. Then he got up and walked toward the door, slowly and unsteadily, like an aged man. His voice was hardly more than a whisper. "To hell with you," he said. "To hell with you all."

Kentucky turned back to the phone. "I said," came Sheriff Hopper's voice, "which one of 'em is it?"

"Neither one," said Kentucky. He hung up the receiver.

(To be concluded next week)

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What Business They Made

Continued from page 15

profit by percentage. The cost of an article is not a thing to be added to. It is merely a percentage of the selling price. Our appalling ignorance changed when we suddenly realized how great it was and that the final judgment of the jury of buyers is what decides the volume of merchandise.

"We learned for the first time that the right price is the greatest salesman in the world and that the right price is reached not by guessing but by sound principles. We had to add our overhead—twenty-two per cent—to the cost and then a fair ten per cent for net profit to arrive at a price. In this way our prices came down and immediately our overhead decreased so that we had to add only sixteen per cent instead of twenty-two per cent for overhead. Instead of pocketing this saving we promptly took it off the price of our goods. We found ourselves selling $1.50 shirts for $1.34 and actually making more profit by volume than ever before. Since we learned this simple trick we have had no more worry about the depression."

Hard Logic and Cold Cash

A striking case is that of the Hecht Company in Washington, D. C., a large department store. This concern had been running along on a more or less even keel up to July, 1929. This was four months before our famous stock-market crash and before the rest of the world realized that the depression had already started. The manager of the Hecht Company, however, had noticed one thing and that was that the wholesale prices of merchandise had declined very considerably.

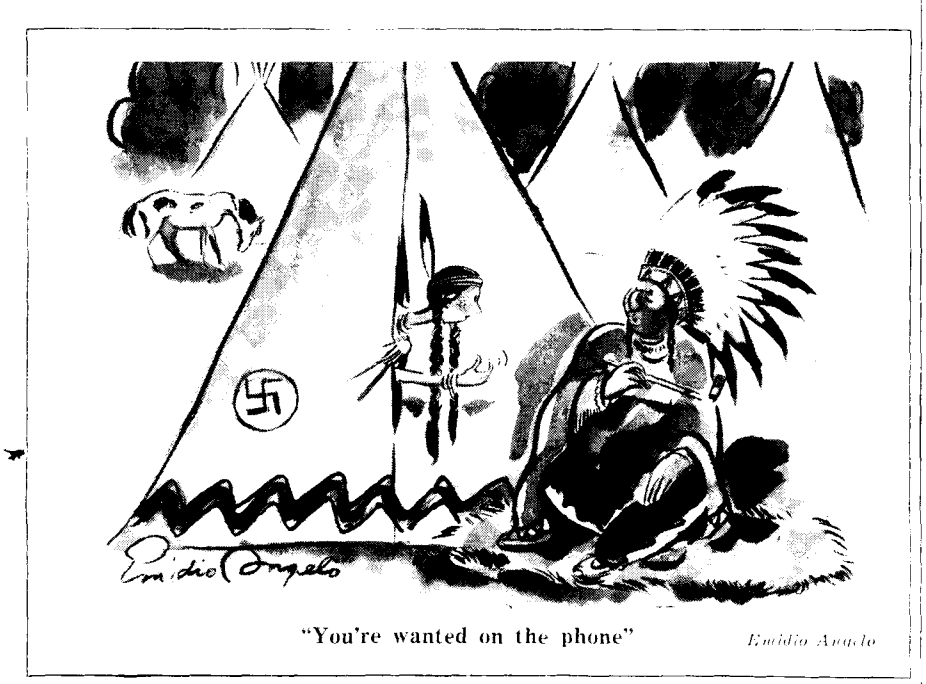
"Suddenly," writes Mr. Charles B. Dulcan, general merchandising manager, "we got the idea that if we had the courage to take an inventory and mark down our goods to levels at which they could be replaced and buy new goods for less money and turn our goods over and keep on turning them over, we would be able to accomplish something."

Most really progressive merchants did not begin to do this until the early part of 1930 and the laggards did not get around to it until the beginning of 1931, after they had been nearly destroyed. Here is what the Hecht Company did: "First, marked down all merchandise that could be replaced for less money. Second, speeded up turnover in slow-moving departments by markdowns. Third, increased our publicity program even if it increased the advertising percentage, but discovered that from increased sales our advertising percentage actually decreased. Fourth, put pressure on home comfort departments, realizing that with depression less money would be spent on expensive luxuries and more on simple home comforts. We strengthened our organization instead of decreasing and weakening it. The result was that for fifteen consecutive months not only our merchandise volume but our dollar volume increased and the year 1931 will be our biggest year in thirty-five years." Pretty hard to get away from the hard logic and results of that.

In my trip around the country last summer I was impressed by the number of moving-picture houses which were crying about hard times. Now here is a little town with 5,000 people and a moving-picture house which seats 450 people. This little theater has no competitor and the man who ran it was showing his pictures to about 150 people a day and charging forty cents admission. The present owner took it during the depression. "There is no lack of money," he writes. "Ask any bank in this town and they will tell you they have more deposits than ever before. And the people will spend their money too, if they get something for it. Recently in Ohio I saw a sign outside a farmhouse: 'Fresh eggs, two dozen for forty-nine cents.' I stopped at a little restaurant a few miles farther on. On the bill of fare I read: 'Eggs, two for 30 cents.' Was the restaurant busy? It was not. I reduced the price of admission to my theater to ten cents. I am packing them in now at the rate of 1,200 a day. 1,200 people a day at ten cents is just double 150 at forty cents. 150 at forty cents means bankruptcy. This theater was bankrupt during our prosperity. Now it is prosperous during our depression. Answer—prices."

Mr. Cedric R. Smith, a wholesale produce dealer from Brooklyn, writes: "In October, 1930, our sales fell from $9,000 the first week to $4,000 the fourth week. We had not lost a customer. They had just stopped buying. The explanation was close at hand. Chains were boosting sales at the expense of fruits and vegetables, selling three or four specials at a loss every week. They sold oranges at from 55 to 75 cents a box less than they paid for them. This was helping

(Continued on page 38)



"You're wanted on the phone" *Emidio Angelo*

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!

. . . careless of his GUMS and he has "pink tooth brush"!

TAKE your budget as seriously as you please! But if you're wise, you'll take your gums just as seriously—or *more* seriously!

When you were a child, your gums were as hard as your shins. But to stay hard and healthy, gums need stimulation. And the soft foods of today don't *give* it to them!

Your gums have never had enough exercise. They have become lazy, then touchy, then tender. And unless you're more lucky than *most* people of this day and age, you have "pink tooth brush"—today!

And "pink tooth brush" is nothing to be careless about. It can lead to gingivitis, to pyorrhea, to Vincent's disease. It may endanger the soundness of your teeth.

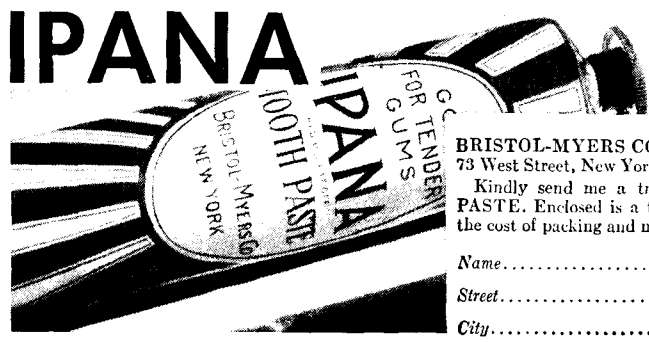
Even though your gums *haven't* reached the "pink tooth brush" stage, you'd better heed the warning of modern dental science and start hardening them back to health.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it twice a day. But each time, put a little *more* Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your gums. Leave it there. Ziratol—the toning agent in Ipana—acts more effectively when you leave it on the gums.

In a few days after you start, your teeth will begin to whiten and brighten. Before the first tube of Ipana is gone, your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush!"

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-22
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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"You, too, Can Eat What You Like *without Acid Indigestion*"

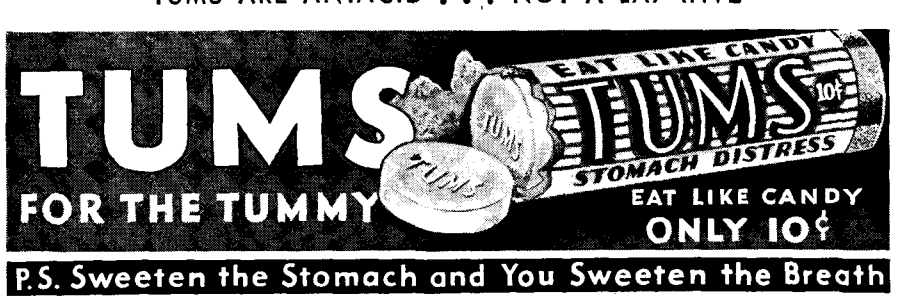
Here's How! Funny how everybody thinks I have a cast-iron stomach because nothing I eat disagrees with me. And yet it wasn't so long ago that indigestion used to ruin meals for me. It seemed that I had to avoid particularly the very foods I liked best because they always brought on a burning sourness and a nauseating gassy fullness. But, happily for me, I discovered TUMS. Today I simply munch three or four of these candy-like antacid mints after meals and nothing disagrees with me any more. And I enjoy smoking more, too, without fear of discomforting after-effects.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas due to hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, etc. For quick, pleasant relief, simply eat three or four TUMS—often one is enough. You'll like TUMS—they're so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying TUMS *in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.*

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE



(Continued from page 37)

to put our dealers out of business. The chains advertised their Saturday specials on Thursday. If they advertised peas at $6 a box when they were bringing $9 at the wholesale markets, we supplied our dealers with peas at the same price. We shared the loss with them. But three special items out of a list of fifty, we soon saw, left forty-seven to make a profit on. This simple analysis made up the whole loss in volume and all through the year our tonnage compared with 1929 is about thirty-three and a third per cent greater." Mr. Smith has found that the cause of the brief depression was inside the Smith store and inside the Smith skull and when he made that discovery the depression was over.

Flying Fish

I could bring to the support of these letters scores of others from every part of the country and in every form of business. And they leave very little room, it seems to me, to doubt the truth of this proposition: that the merchant who has refused to believe in the depression, who has looked for the trouble in himself and not waited for Congress and the state legislatures to nurse him back to health has been able to laugh at hard times.

Another fruitful source of strength in meeting the depression has been the willingness of business people here and there to look the facts very boldly in the face and not be afraid to change their business. In Asheville, North Carolina, a woman operated for eight years a ready-to-wear shop, catering to the modest-priced younger trade seeking "pretty things." In the rear of the shop was a beauty parlor which had been making a good profit. Then came the depression. Seven banks closed in five weeks. Cash business slumped. The credit customers couldn't pay their bills. "A little cost accounting revealed to me very quickly that my beauty shop completely stopped making money, was running at a loss and there was little likelihood of its picking up, so I closed it, returned the unpaid-for equipment and stored the rest. I didn't close it before I had found a new use for the space. It was the new use of that space which saved my business.

"In the first place, I changed the character of my store. 'Frocks' became 'dresses' and I talked more about the quality and price than the 'chic of the Paris boulevards.' But here was the idea which saved me. A selected list of women were asked if they cared to sell their extra fur coats, evening gowns and wraps, tailored suits and afternoon dresses, unnecessary because of the curtailed social season. I was amazed at the number who said 'yes.'

"Another selected group were asked if they cared to have first opportunity to look over an assortment of better quality garments in first-class condition. I was again amazed at the number who said 'yes.' I accepted things on consignment only and with the understanding that all sums realized, less commission, would be credited on garments to be purchased in my shop. I displayed these garments in the space occupied by the beauty parlor and called it my 'exchange department.'

"I found numerous uses for this. All goods that came were not used goods. A new baby gets three complete layettes. My exchange department takes two of them, sells them at a low price and makes me a new customer. My town is a dark spot on the business map, but my business has increased thirty-two per cent for the first nine months of this year and I find myself in a newer and better business."

Here is a man who had been manufacturing ginger ale in Battle Creek, Michigan. The business was started in 1929 and was bad the first year. It was better the next year but still a heavy loser. Until the first half of 1931 it continued to lose money. What it needed was more sales. Then came the life-saving idea. "My wife," says Mr. Robert E. Honey, the sales manager, "liked the coffee at luncheon in a hotel one day. The bill of fare suggested that 'if you like the coffee you can buy some at the cashier's desk.' The coffee bore the label of the hotel.

"Why, I thought, wouldn't a hotel like to have a ginger ale with its name on the label? I inquired and discovered that many hotels would, that many restaurants would. This simple idea lifted our business almost immediately out of the red, enormously increased our volume and now, as far as we can see, the depression is over."

Donahue's Food Stores in Pittsburgh got an idea. Pittsburgh is a strictly inland town but even an inland Pittsburgher is a customer for fish. Donahue's magnificent food stores added something to the paraphernalia of a grocery—an airplane. And now there is a biweekly service to Lake Erie bringing a plentiful supply of fresh fish to Pittsburgh. Not only did this add a very large and important and profitable item to Donahue's, but the "flying fish" idea has built up enormously the fish business of Pittsburgh, and fish dealers are now running fast trucks to Lake Erie and advertising fish "three and a half hours from Lake Erie" by fast trucks, a thing which they might have done all along but which nobody seemed to think of.

As I thumb through these letters I marvel at the ingenuity, the courage and the unwillingness of people to accept defeat.

Along with everything else the key, of course, has been putting on more pressure, more steam, more work. One large food-store owner writes: "I had built up a very large and very prosperous business and employed about eleven men in my store. I was the manager, but had an assistant manager and everything was running so smoothly that I left a good deal to the assistant manager. I took in the ball game every day that the team played in our town and seldom missed a good movie. I had plenty of time for visits, luncheons, social calls and automobile trips, and boasted about how smoothly my business ran. Then came the depression and it was soon running so smoothly that you couldn't hear it.

Ideas for Sale

"Of course, I became alarmed after a while and went into the store with my mind made up to look the place over and decide whom I should fire, how many cuts the force would stand. After thinking it all over, I came to the conclusion that instead of firing anybody what my store needed was the services of one more man and that was myself. In other words, I decided to cut out the ball games, the social calls and the luncheons and go to work.

"Then I began to do something I had never dreamed of doing before. I called all my men together and told them everybody had to go to work good and strong; that we were all in the same boat; that I wasn't going to fire anybody, but that I needed all the brains that every man in the place had. The result of this was amazing. I discovered that every man in the place for years had been collecting ideas about how the business should be run and that some ideas of each man were good. We began to use their ideas.

"One of my men turned out to be something of a genius as a window-

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dresser. Another came to the surface as a very neat and resourceful showcard writer. A third had nursed an idea for a long time about what could be done with new products by demonstration and now he spends a good deal of his time doing that, always has a crowd around his stand and can outtalk most men running for office. The result has been that our gross business has steadily increased and now we are enjoying greater prosperity than we have ever had."

Here is a man who sold electrical goods. He saw the big red waves washing up around his business and by the spring of 1931 he was ready for desperate measures. But he didn't do anything desperate. He merely put his organization to work. He had his men call up everybody in the territory and ask two questions: "Have you a washing machine?" and "How old is it?" Out of 1,500 calls, 300 reported no washer or they were over ten years old. Very quickly his men were giving demonstrations in those homes, doing the family washing, and in a brief time he had oversold his quota of washers. Then came the radio season. "Everybody has a radio set," said his men. "Nevertheless we began on the telephone again, suggesting that we would call to check up on radio tubes without cost. This gave us a look at all the old, worn-out radio hulks ready for replacement and made a nice business on radio tubes besides. So far this year we are not worrying about what the depression has done to our radio business." These are two cases of just sheer work.

"Surrender? What's that?"

Here is a department store in Oklahoma, where there are a million barrels of oil and not a barrel of production and where, as the writer puts it, "You could buy a seat to a prize fight with a bale of cotton." While the territory around is suffering from overproduction and proration the Brown-Duncan department store has for twelve consecutive months increased its volume—203,345 more transactions in that period than in any similar period in the store's history, twenty-two per cent more packages delivered, twenty per cent more goods bought, over 6,000 new charge accounts opened, 21,000 square feet of additional floor space and ten new departments added.

Now does that sound like depression? The managers of this store make only one explanation—intensive, insistent, ceaseless work. The same story could be told from scores of letters which have come to me. Here is a particularly significant one. It comes from a great automobile manufacturing city in which unemployment and depression have run riot. This man is an automobile dealer and he decided he had to keep his employees busy by inducing his customers to bring their cars in for service. All his employees were called in for a meeting and told that they would have to get out and sell service to car owners.

"Each of our ten men was required to see three owners each night for three nights of the week. Thus over 600 owners were reached each month. Each employee who brought a job into the shop got a commission. The result has been that the very first month every man in our employ increased his wages."

This plan of keeping the force busy bringing in business in order to save their jobs and increase their pay has been applied to other phases of the business with so much success that in a town where most of the factories were closing and the banks were breaking with alarming regularity, this auto dealer increased his business twelve per cent in 1930 over the previous prosperous year of 1929.

The letters which Collier's readers have written reveal that no business is too small to feel the invigorating effect of a live man or woman who does not know the meaning of the word surrender. The cases are inspiring, and they cover every class—the widow suddenly compelled to earn a living for herself and children, who went into the business of selling homes—a business at which hundreds of experienced salesmen were starving—and who made a great success of it; the cigar manufacturer, who, as he puts it, "realized that what the country needs is a good ten-cent cigar for five cents;" the little grocer who decided that what his neighborhood needed was not one grocery store too many but a kind of tabloid general store to supplement the services of every other store in the neighborhood; the department store that found its way out of the doldrums by turning all of its force into outside field salesmen.

These and scores of others testify to the fact, first, that each man in his own case, if he has the courage and the industry, can take a tremendous stride out of our great "press-agented" depression and, second, that our recovery in the end will be the sum total of all the able, energetic, brave-spirited men and women who stop calling on the politicians and wonder-workers for help and help themselves, and by doing that help the whole nation to health.

"Aw, go peddle yer fish! *I'm* workin' this street, bimbo!"
Graham Hunter

Boots Mallory
of the Ziegfeld Follies

the CHARM of lovely hair

Nothing contributes more to the picture of loveliness than soft, lustrous hair. You know yourself how much better you look and feel when your hair falls exactly right. The secret lies in "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and its correct, intelligent use. If you want to put new life into your hair, try this before your next shampoo: Apply a small quantity of the Tonic directly to the scalp and rub it in vigorously with the finger tips. Proper stimulation wakes up the tiny blood vessels that feed the hair roots. The Tonic softens and removes dust and dandruff that clog the pores, and deposits just the right amount of oil on the scalp. Shampoo as usual. If you can leave the Tonic on overnight, so much the better. This simple treatment, used regularly, keeps your hair and scalp in perfect condition.

RADIO

TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1932

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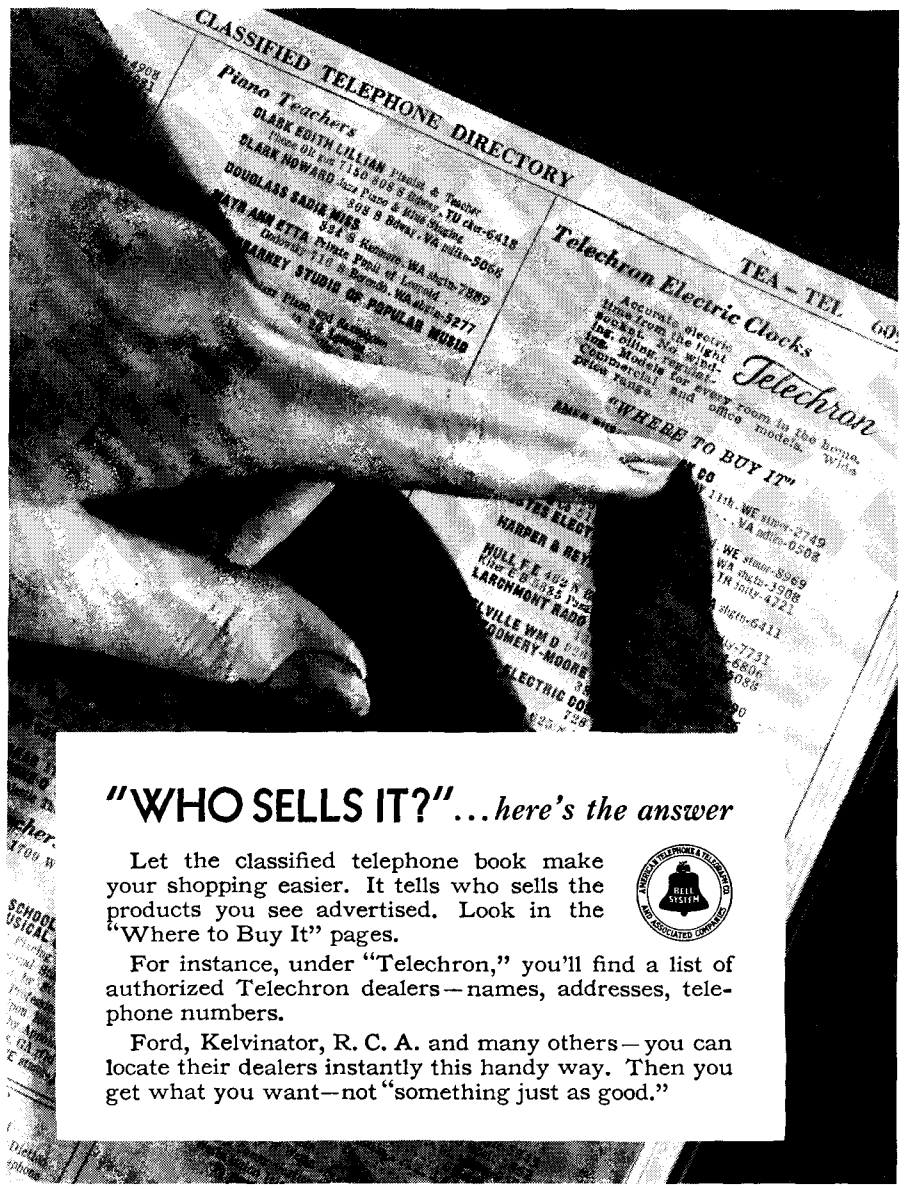


"WHO SELLS IT?"...*here's the answer*

Let the classified telephone book make your shopping easier. It tells who sells the products you see advertised. Look in the "Where to Buy It" pages.

For instance, under "Telechron," you'll find a list of authorized Telechron dealers—names, addresses, telephone numbers.

Ford, Kelvinator, R. C. A. and many others—you can locate their dealers instantly this handy way. Then you get what you want—not "something just as good."

WANTED: LOCAL MANAGERS

Reliable men to look after our repeat business and also demonstrate new fast-selling popular-priced device. Opportunity for right man to earn $350 to $500 monthly. No investment in stock required. Opportunity to become associated with one of the largest and fastest growing concerns of its kind in America. Write for full particulars and records of what others are earning.

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 4-50 "F. F." Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

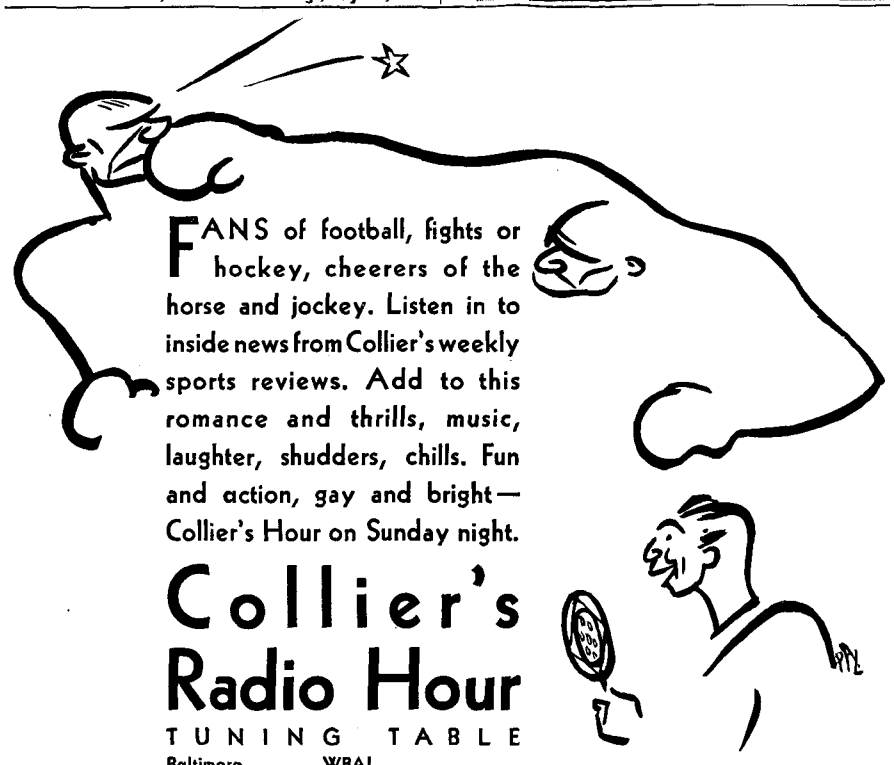
AMBITIOUS MEN
Wanted to Go Into Business

Amazing new business is paying even inexperienced men up to $90 weekly. Positions open everywhere for Local Distributors of KORN PARCHIES—the delicious, tempting, fast-selling 5c salted sweet corn confection.

Sensational New 5c Confection

Introduce this radio-advertised, nationally known confection to retailers. Build up big, steady repeat business. No experience. Small investment needed to start. This is NEW! Write today for FREE SAMPLE offer.

KORN PARCHIES, Dept. 210, Spencer, Ind.



FANS of football, fights or hockey, cheerers of the horse and jockey. Listen in to inside news from Collier's weekly sports reviews. Add to this romance and thrills, music, laughter, shudders, chills. Fun and action, gay and bright—Collier's Hour on Sunday night.

Collier's Radio Hour

TUNING TABLE

Baltimore	WBAL	Detroit	WJR		
Boston	WBZ	Kansas City, Kan.	WREN		
Chicago	KYW	Los Angeles	KFI	St. Louis	KWK
Cincinnati	WLW	New York	WJZ	Salt Lake City	KSL
Cleveland	WGAR	Pittsburgh	KDKA	San Francisco	KGO
Council Bluffs, Ia.	KOIL	Portland, Ore.	KGW	Seattle	KOMO
Denver	KOA	Rochester, N.Y.	WHAM	Spokane	KHQ
				Springfield, Mass.	WBZA

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern; 7:15 P. M. Central; 6:15 P. M. Mountain; 5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 13

looked black. There was nothing to do, now that the season was about to close, but go back to New York to undergo more treatment.

Upon returning to New York I found myself with no job, no money and a practically useless left arm. After two months of discouraging daily (7 A. M.) treatments in the mechanotherapy department in the basement of Bellevue Hospital, which produced very little improvement, my old stand-by, "Old Eddie" O'Brien, knowing my financial plight, offered to lend me some money. I refused to accept it because I had no idea as to how I could pay him back. I said if I could only get a couple of fights I certainly could use what money I received for them.

Fighting for Funds

The Frawley boxing law had been repealed at the order of Governor Charles S. Whitman. There was no boxing permitted in the state of New York. However, occasionally clubs ran under the old membership plan. O'Brien said, "You can get a fight."

"But even if I get one what can I do with only one arm?" I inquired disconsolately.

Whereupon, his confidence in me being questioned, Old Eddie replied, "You can lick any of them bums with one hand."

Whether I thought so or not I told Eddie if he could possibly get me a match I would take it.

O'Brien went to see Pop Kirk, and Pop said, "Sure I would like to have Gene box for me. When will he be able to box?"

"Any time," said Eddie O'Brien.

Pop said:

"I will see if I can get a big Italian who has been boxing around here and who thinks he is a pretty good fighter."

O'Brien advised, "Anyone you want."

Eddie greeted me next day with: "Well, Gene, I think I have got you matched to box at the Polo A. C. a week from Friday night. Where do you think we can train?"

I told him I could not train and that even rope-skipping was a strain on the arm. So O'Brien advised, "Well, you will have to shadow-box a little and do some road work to sharpen your wind a bit." I ran round Washington Square for four or five mornings, and shadow-boxed when I got home. That was all the training I did.

Young Borrelli, my opponent, was a 200-pound coal passer with pugilistic aspirations. This was one of only two professional fights I ever went into without thinking of it as either fun or part of a definite plan. I wanted money. In the past I had done it for the sport. Later, when I took boxing seriously as a profession, all my matches were part of a plan.

Borrelli was a southpaw who boxed with his right hand and foot extended, which made him an open target for my right. He sat on his haunches with the second blow I hit him and took the count the next round. I was not required to do any more than feint with my bad left in the four and one-half minutes that the fight lasted. This was the star bout and for my share I received $26.

The following week O'Brien took me to see Charlie Doesserick at the Pioneer Club. Doesserick was running shows at the New Amsterdam Opera House to which he admitted all men in uniform without charge. Civilians were required to pay. Doesserick said, "Yes, I'll give you a match. I am looking for a middleweight to box Hughey Weir at my next show. I can pay you $40 to box six rounds."

I could train no more for this than for the Borrelli match. I did three or four days' road work and shadow-boxing. Weir was a rushing fighter, and all I was required to do was to wait for him and let go my right with everything I had in it when he came into hitting distance. He succumbed in the third. We both weighed 158 pounds.

Just as I had despaired of doing any more of this Eddie O'Brien—faithful old Eddie—took me down to see his son-in-law, whom he had asked to recommend me to the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, for which he worked.

And thus I got a job at Erie Pier in Jersey City. The duties, for which I was paid twenty-five dollars a week, involved receiving and checking airplane parts sent from different parts of the country and reshipped to the Hoboken piers for transportation to France.

My concern about my left arm kept increasing. And the shame over not being in uniform though working with soldiers caused constant secret humiliation. Discouragement about the arm grew into despair. I tried all kinds of home remedies, but the deltoid triceps and biceps muscles continued to shrink. One of the office staff over at Erie Pier gave me the name of a German physician who, he advised, gave electrical treatments for neuritis, rheumatism and similar diseases. He said, "Why not come with me to this man's office and see what he can do?" With little hope I accompanied him to the office of Dr. Frederick de Kraft at 142 West Seventieth Street. After examining me Dr. de Kraft said, in English with a heavy German accent, "My boy, you have a traumatic neuritis, and I can cure you but it will take some time."

In the Service at Last

I could hardly believe what I heard. Suddenly I was filled with hope and I wanted to embrace this kindly old gentleman. I visited his office three nights a week for a sort of diathermic treatment. He knew I was not in very affluent circumstances, and made a nominal charge of two dollars a visit. I continued these treatments from January to June, 1918, when he pronounced me cured. My arm looked it, for it had gradually come back to almost normal size and strength. Curiously enough, it has remained shorter than the right arm to this day. The muscular contraction at the elbow causes this. I never told this gentle old German why I was so anxious to have him put my arm into shape, until after I had been accepted for enlistment in the Marines. Curiously enough I was accepted by the same medical examiner who had rejected me before. On my last visit to Dr. de Kraft I told him that I was going away to war. He said, "Well, I wish you luck and hope you come back alive and uninjured."

It was then that the ridiculousness of this particular situation struck me. Here was a man born in Germany, of German scientific training and culture, making it possible for an American boy to join the Allied forces against his native land.

The night before I left for Parris Island for recruit training I went over to Jack Jennings' Armory A. C. in Jersey City to give my arm a real tryout. "Doc" Bagley, who later became my manager, got me the match. Danny

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Lynch, whom I was to meet, did not show up at the club, so they substituted another opponent who, upon being hit a good stiff left, decided discretion was the better part of valor and, accordingly, permitted himself to be counted out.

I was paid the grand sum of $30 for this match, which was collected by Doc Bagley in the form of a twenty-dollar and a ten-dollar bill. Doc handed me the twenty and held the ten in his left hand while with the right he industriously searched his pockets for change, saying, "I always take thirty per cent from my boys. Even Willie Jackson, who boxes the star bout tonight, cuts me in for thirty per cent. But since you are going to war tomorrow I will only take twenty-five per cent. Have you any change?"

I replied, "No, I am sorry I haven't." Doc said, "How are we going to break this ten-dollar bill?" "Well," I said, "keep it all, Doc."

What did I care? Two days later I was at Parris Island.

Defending the Old Home Town

It was the custom for new recruits to remain in a segregated section of the training camp, called the applicants' camp, until their papers came down from the various recruiting offices in different cities of the country. Then they would receive the final and more thorough examination. These prospective recruits had no duties to perform. They actually were not part of the Marine Corps and therefore could not be put at any kind of work. To pass the time they played baseball, wrestled or boxed. They did this in pajamas in the deep sand.

While looking at some of the boxing matches on the second day after arrival, a stocky, red-headed fellow jumped into the circle after two men had finished and, picking up a pair of gloves which he began tying on his hands, yelled in a Tennessee drawl: "Is there any wise guy from New York here who would like to try some of this?" Nobody stepped forward. He wheeled around once or twice with a sneer on his face, which proclaimed his contempt for all New Yorkers.

This trip to Parris Island was the first time I had ever been out of the city of New York with the exception of trips to New Jersey and Long Island shores. I felt constantly the responsibility of being a New Yorker. I was proud of it and, with that consciousness felt that, since no other New Yorker was present (or at least none who felt justified in questioning the superiority of this Tennesseean) it was up to me.

Whereupon I stepped into the circle of white-pajamaed, head-shaven, wild-looking recruits and, picking up the pair of gloves that were on the sand, said, "I will try some of it for a few minutes." On seeing me and looking me over with an appraising eye, the red-headed Tennesseean tightened his lips in hungry expectation.

He rushed wildly at me, swinging from every angle. The first rush I attempted to sidestep but, the sand being heavy, I was unable to untrack myself and received a wild left swing on the top of the head. I quickly decided that the best way to handle this excited fellow was with a couple of good straight lefts just as he started swinging. And his next rush, instead of trying to sidestep, I leaned forward with a long straight left that caught him right on the nose, causing his head to strike his shoulder-blades. He attempted another rush and ran into the same thing.

After being foiled in his several attempts, the wild man from Tennessee was a pathetic-looking figure. I realized that he knew nothing about boxing. He had only bluff and false courage to lean on. I did not take advantage of him, however. It is safe to say that his opinion of New Yorkers was changed.

After passing my final examination for enlistment and being sent to the maneuver grounds for training, I discovered that boxing was a compulsory part of the training-camp activities. I had to go through the routine of punches the same as the boys from the mud flats of Mississippi and the farms of the Dakotas. The manual of boxing was as important as the manual of arms at Parris Island.

I had a fair reputation in my own battalion when the recruit training was finished. Unfortunately I did not go overseas with my own company. I was transferred to another and twenty-four hours later I found myself aboard a troop transport without an acquaintance or friend. This was my first consciousness of real loneliness.

Shortly after we got ashore in Brest and had our tents raised in the mud of Pontanazin Barracks, one of the huskier of the company, for some reason or other, picked a fight with me. The last fist fight I had had was when I was fourteen. All my adolescent years were spent constantly with boys and men but never with any serious friction. When I said to this huge marine, who was undoubtedly bellicose, "What are you doing—looking for trouble?" it never occurred to me to be on my guard. Before I had finished my question his blow had landed and I slid off the side of the road into a mud ditch.

However, I did not go off my feet but climbed out just as fast as the mud would permit me. I hit him with the hand that was nearest him. Though I was clothed in heavy underwear, O. D. shirt, heavy blouse and poncho (the inevitable rain was falling), it did not noticeably stop the force of the left hook, for when it bounced off his chin he bounced on the muddy road where he lay, refusing to get up until a gunnery sergeant came along to protect him.

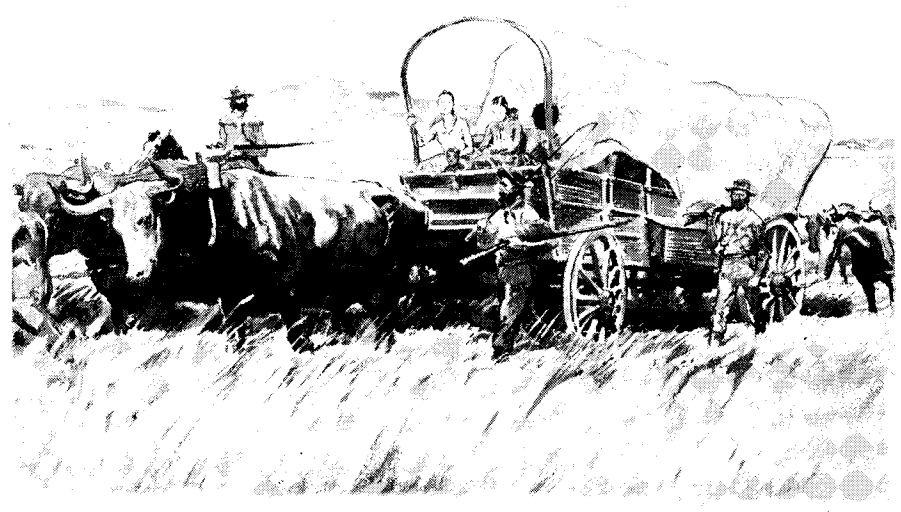
The Camp Championship

Some months later, as I was attending a boxing match at a Y. M. C. A. hut in Romorantin, where we had been stationed doing guard duty, a match was put on between a bogus "Kid McCoy" and a certain Joe Bedelli for the middleweight championship of the camp. For reasons best known to himself the phony "Kid" did not show up. The place was jammed with aviators, infantrymen and motor mechanics. The referee, a Captain Greene, announced from the ring that "McCoy" had defaulted the championship. He asked if anyone questioned Bedelli's right to the championship of the camp. There were ten thousand men stationed in Romorantin, and as many crowded into the hut as it would hold. Nobody made a dissenting noise; Greene then bestowed upon Bedelli the middleweight championship and announced Bedelli would box anyone in the place no matter what his weight might be. Nobody stepped forward.

The gunnery sergeant who knew all about my left hook was sitting in our small group of marines and began urging me to go into the ring. When I was promised by him that as a reward I would not have to do guard duty the next day if I boxed this fellow, I jumped to my feet.

When I got into the ring Bedelli insisted that I strip to the waist, which I did in the presence of the eager and impatient audience of officers and soldiers. I had hobnailed boots on. The ring was pitched on the floor with some canvas drawn across it. It was not long before Bedelli and I were under way.

(Continued on page 42)



The Electric Clock that pioneered the way to Correct Time

BEFORE grain fields could sweep across miles of prairie, before villages could rise from the wilderness, there had to be pioneers.

Before clocks could measure minutes with a tiny electric motor instead of spring or pendulum, there had to be the pioneering work of Henry E. Warren. He invented the Telechron Master Clock which is used to regulate the current generated at your power house. He invented the Telechron self-starting, synchronous clock which translates that current into accurate, trouble-free time in your home or office.

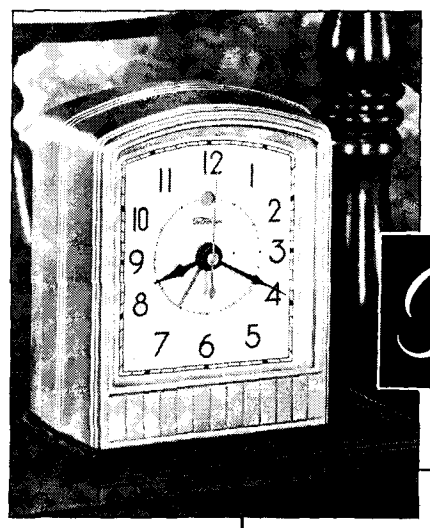
Together, his inventions make more than a million households run more smoothly and efficiently.

Telechron never needs winding—or oiling, cleaning, regulating. Telechron is silent as stardust.

Check the clocks in your home right now. If they all agree, it's a miracle. If they don't agree, it's time to get a Telechron! But be sure it has "Telechron" on the dial—the name that identifies it with the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. There's a dealer near you, listed under "Telechron" in the Classified Telephone Directory. He'll be glad to show you attractive models designed for every room in your home.

Prices range reasonably from $7.50 to $55. The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $22.75 to $650.

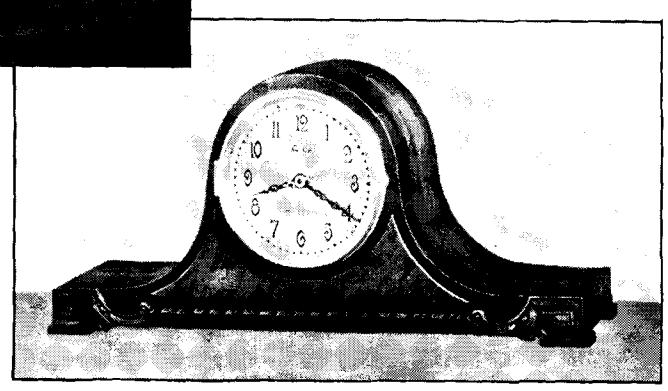
WARREN TELECHRON CO., ASHLAND, MASS.
THE REVERE CLOCK CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO



Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

(Above) TELALARM—Non-tarnishing case. Pleasant alarm. $8.50. With illuminated dial, $9.95.



(Right) R-810—For your mantel. Colonial design. Case of finest Honduras mahogany. 17¼" wide. Mellow Westminster chimes. $45.

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Washington Reports Show Public Swings To Pipe Smoking

Return to Normalcy Brings Calmness of Pipe Back to Favor

The years of the Great Boom Market tried men's nerves to the utmost. Just around every corner was to be found the pot at the end of the rainbow. These were days of *excitement, tenseness.*

And then the bubble burst. For two and a half years now we have been dropping back to earth. Gradually men learned that *calm, steady work,* and work alone, brings prosperity. A new generation has entered business—a generation that has no illusions about sudden wealth without work.

One of the interesting side-lights on this new day is revealed in a treasury report from Washington showing a broad, steady increase in the sale of *smoking tobacco* during the past several months. In other words, a *general swing to the calmness, the soothing effects, of a good pipe and good tobacco.* The country's gradual return to normalcy has brought back to favor man's age-old dependable friend—*his pipe.*

There's something about a pipe that makes men contented, at ease. It seems to check wandering fancy. The pipe is a long and slow and placid smoke. It relaxes and charms. There's a lesson for all smokers in the very genuine affection every pipe smoker feels for his pipe.

If, by chance, you are still not a pipe smoker, you've no doubt often wondered whether you might not be missing something. Try it—but don't risk disappointment with a poor tobacco. Use Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco—that cool, slow-burning, sweet smoke that's blended from fine old burleys and has a natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Edgeworth has been man's priceless friend for more than 30 years.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 101 S. 22nd Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for *Edgeworth quality is* always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N. B. C. Blue Network every Thursday evening. They sing spirituals in the old southern way. If you like a big chorus of men's voices, tune in.

(Continued from page 41)

I saw after three or four moves that he was not skillful. In the second round he whispered to me, "Don't hit me so hard." He refused to box a third round.

The next day the whole camp was buzzing with the talk of the marine who evidently knew something about fighting. That afternoon the director of the Y. M. C. A. came down to see my company commander to find out if he would not match me with the heavyweight champion of the camp. The company commander, Captain Barthe, accepted the match. In advising me of what he had done, he told me that I was detailed to appear at the Y. M. C. A. hut to meet Hank Wuerhl for the heavyweight championship of the post.

I found a piece of rope and skipped in hobnailed boots in a little patch of dry ground behind the bunk house. I induced some of the boys of our company to box with me. I soon learned that this kind of training was not going to improve my condition very much. I decided to try some road work and found that the ease with which I used to do the modified marathon was not to be mine again for some months. I had been too long without any kind of exercise but drill and guard duty. These do not prepare a man for athletic competition.

The night of the fight for the heavyweight championship of the post arrived. Having borrowed a pair of rubber-soled sneakers from an officer and trunks from someone else, I was equipped to fight Wuerhl. It was in this fight that I first discerned the difference between the joy of looking at a fight and the horror of being on the losing side of one. Wuerhl, who was a very strong fellow with an awkward style, was in condition. He knew something about boxing. I knew as much about boxing but was not in condition. For the first two rounds Wuerhl punched me all over the ring. In the second round Wuerhl had pummeled me along the ropes to a corner and somehow my head got outside the top rope. There were three or four motor mechanics from his company sitting in the first row whom I heard shout, "Atta, boy, Hank, one more punch! Come on, you've got him now, knock the big tramp back to the guard house."

The First of Many Titles

The thought flashed through my mind in that instant, "What a fool you are to be in here and furnish entertainment for this bloodthirsty mob! How much easier it would be to sit out there and enjoy having other fools furnish the spectacle!" The thought continued, "It only takes one more step now and you are out of it all, out in the safety of the ringside seats." I realized this would never do. There was no turning back at this point. I must make the best of a bad situation. I got my head back inside the ropes and resumed trying to hit my glaring, savage-like opponent with one punch. Again I missed. I missed at least thirty right-hand crosses during the first two rounds but each time the missing distance grew less.

Wuerhl became less cautious. His inevitable left followed by his right in the form of a one-two punch darted out with speed and vigor and as usual my face was there to meet them. Again I let my right go and again missed but not by as much as before. I kept repeating to myself, "If you can only land one punch—just one, oh, why must you keep missing?" The urge to keep trying increased.

He proceeded with his scientific butchery for the greater part of the round. I was tiring and bleeding from the nose and mouth but I was neither weary nor hopeless. I kept shooting across the right. After missing a terrific right I thought, "You did not miss by more than a half inch! Try one more!" Suddenly Wuerhl fell. The half inch had been reduced! The right had grazed his chin. It had sufficient power to put him down. He took the count of nine. The crowd was wild and yelling raucously. The boys from his company wanted to climb in. Captain Greene, the referee, pushed them back, continuing his count. Wuerhl got up. I was not missing any more. The next right hit him on the ear and nearly tore it off his head. Blood gushed. Down he went. The count started. He did not rise.

I was then the undisputed heavyweight champion of Romorantin. This was the first of many titles I was to win during my career and each in its way was as important as the ultimate heavyweight title. For this fight I got no money. I got a certain knowledge that was far more valuable than money. I discovered that, no matter how hard the going might be or how hopeless the outlook seemed, there was no tendency in my mental make-up to quit.

Business Instinct or Gameness?

It is one thing to be game before a vast audience which has paid one high compensation, and when one's career and very livelihood depend on one's show of gameness, and another story altogether when the only thing at stake is one's self-respect. A good deal of the so-called gameness seen in a prize ring is merely business instinct. There is a consciousness among prize fighters that if they quit there is little chance for another trial. Matchmakers do not engage quitters or losers as a rule. To keep working means that one must keep winning. This is the inspiration of much of the gameness seen in the ring.

There is no denying that it takes a certain kind of courage even to enter a prize ring. Yet I have known actual cowards who have been professional fighters.

Undoubtedly the compensation and the kind of glory that goes with it furnish much of the urge to continue a professional career. I have never been able to make up my mind just how much true courage is required for success in the fighting game. I have seen many admirable exhibitions of courage and gameness in the ring, but I have only occasionally been able to tell where business instinct ended and sheer courage began.

History contains many lessons of physical and spiritual courage. None appeals so much to me as that of De la Tour d'Auvergne, a French *poilu* of the French and English feudal wars. D'Auvergne was placed as a night-watch at an outpost with orders to shout the alarm if the enemy attempted a surprise attack during the night. The alarm would naturally prepare the camp and prevent a wholesale slaughter of the army. Alone in the dark night, D'Auvergne was suddenly surrounded by three English soldiers. Holding a lance against his heart, one whispered, "Give no alarm and your life will be spared." D'Auvergne could have heeded the urge of self-preservation, ignored duty and saved his own life—but sacrificed the lives of his comrades. No. "Rise, the English are here," he shouted. As the lance pierced his heart he renewed the alarm. Lying on his face with his lifeblood oozing from his wound, he continued murmuring the alarm that cost him his life and saved his comrades. D'Auvergne's was the noblest form of courage.

Opposite Brands of Courage

I am convinced that the quality of courage needed for professional boxing has little kinship with D'Auvergne's. As I mentioned above, it takes a certain type of courage to go into a ring where one can never be sure of his physical well-being. I like to think of this as a conscious physical courage. No one, to my mind, has possessed this to a higher degree than Tommy Loughran. No fighter has ever gone into a ring worse equipped than Tommy. Lacking size, strength, speed, endurance and punch (the best defense), Loughran takes on all comers regardless of size or strength.

Being very intelligent, Tommy Loughran is conscious of his physical shortcomings. His is a rare type of conscious physical courage; yet in his fight with Jack Sharkey, after he had been knocked down and relieved of his consciousness, he showed a decided lack of subconscious or instinctive courage.

Instead of waiting on one knee for the count of nine and resuming hostilities, he rose as soon as his strength permitted him and walked to his own corner. He was out. His action was instinctive. The referee, unaware of Tommy's condition, believed he had made the mistake of thinking the round was over. He walked to the corner to tell Tommy that the fight was still on. Tommy said:

"I want to sit down and think it over."

Tommy is Conrad's Lord Jim of boxing. Lord Jim had great imaginative courage. He planned his heroic conduct in great detail. When the crisis came and reason left Lord Jim he became an emotional or instinctive coward. Opposite to Tommy Loughran's psychological and instinctive reactions, we have Jack Dempsey's.

For one possessing such sheer fighting ability, Dempsey had an extraordinary lack of confidence in himself. Though the majority of boxing's best

"Humphreys! Isn't that a piece of tin-foil over there?"

V. De Pauw

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COLDS

Some men and women fight colds all winter long. Others enjoy the protection of aspirin. A tablet in time, and the first symptoms of a cold get no further. If a cold has caught you unaware, keep on with aspirin until the cold is gone. Genuine aspirin can't harm you. Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart. If your throat is sore, dissolve three tablets in a little water and gargle. You will get instant relief. There's danger in a cold that hangs on for days. To say nothing of the pain and discomfort Bayer Aspirin might have spared you! So, carry this protection with you. Get the genuine, with proven directions for colds, headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, and other needless pains.

judges believed that Dempsey could easily whip Harry Wills, his persistent Negro challenger, Jack evidently did not. He failed to accept a seven-year challenge. Four days before our first match, Dempsey called Herman Taylor, a Philadelphia boxing promoter, into the privacy of his dressing-room after a work-out, and asked:

"Don't kid me, Herman. Do you honestly think I will win from Tunney?" Taylor was so impressed by Dempsey's lack of confidence in himself that he hedged his bets.

Yet in the Firpo fight, after he had lost consciousness in the early part of the first round (this in accordance with his own statement), he continued to tear into big, strong Firpo like a wounded lion. He never stopped punching. He came to in his dressing-room after winning the fight by a knockout. This was a superb exhibition of subconscious or instinctive courage.

Tommy Loughran, the good fighter; Jack Dempsey, the great fighter—both very successful professionals, yet with almost opposite brands of courage.

Every man who has had extensive experience at physical combat knows in his own heart whether he has that stick-toitiveness in the face of tremendous odds that is called gameness. Sooner or later one meets the test that proves in his own consciousness whether he is game or a quitter. The test may come in the first fight. It may not come until after years of professional boxing, but it is inevitable. In my case, though I had had several professional fights and unlimited sparring experience before the Wuerhl match, I did not meet the test until my head was outside the ropes and it was but a step to safety.

From this moment until the end of my career I never had the slightest doubt about my determination to stay with an opponent regardless of existing conditions. Whether I could endure a severe drubbing and stay on my feet to the finish, though I was unable to land effectively on an opponent, was not decided in this Wuerhl match. This knowledge was another thing, which became a conscious possession later on during my first fight with Harry Greb.

Confidence in one's ability is sometimes a deciding factor in a match. It becomes a deciding factor where both men are equally matched in other respects. But confidence in one's ability that is not founded on absolutely unprejudiced appraisal of one's qualities in every department of the fighter's make-up is somewhat akin to braggadocio or conceit.

The pugilistic roads and crossroads are strewn with prostrate forms that attempted to reach the pinnacle with nothing but confidence in an ability that had never been tested or was found to be without actual existence. It is not only ability that brings countless numbers of recruits to the ranks of pugilism year after year. Confidence in an ability that does not exist accounts for the major portion of these ambitions.

Gene Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.

The Perfect Build

Continued from page 19

The 1830 house also has tangible advantages to offer. Because of its plain, squarish construction, free of tricks and gadgets, it costs less to build than a house of the same cubage with the elaborate roof line of the English cottage and the Normandy farmhouse, or the important cornice and interior woodwork that go with the Georgian period. Because of its compact structure, it heats easily in winter, and in sections where this is a more than usually difficult problem, it may be met by keeping down the fenestration on the north side. Because of its high ceilings, it is invariably cool in summer. Some people imagine that the traditional flat roof means heat in the top story, but such critics forget the air space that tradition created at this point—quite as efficacious and less wasteful than the attic under a pitched roof.

During the Classical Revival, all of our modern building materials were used, each in the part of the country where climate and supply suggested it—stone around Albany and down the Hudson, wood farther west, painted brick or stucco in the South. And these same materials are just as appropriate today. Some of the original examples took on the proportions of manor houses, especially along the Atlantic seaboard where money was plentiful. Others, built by the pioneering families who struck inland and settled along the Mississippi and the Ohio, were much less ambitious. The simplicity of the style made this size-and-cost reduction possible.

In order to bring this article to a practical conclusion, I want to call your attention to the house illustrated. This was built in the New York district at the top of our recent wave of high prices, so that cost figures for the current year, especially if a less expensive section is considered, could be materially reduced.

The house consisted of entrance hall, living-room and library, each with a wood-burning fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, two-car garage, four masters' bedrooms and two baths, two servants' rooms and bath, with an extra toilet on the first floor. The material employed was brick, painted white, with white trim and shutters of so dark a green as to be almost black. Instead of leaving the place in plaster inside for the owner to finish, it was completely decorated under the original estimate, so that the interior should be as 1830 as the outward effect.

To complete the picture, the half-acre of land was planted—trees and flowering shrubs in front, a neat lawn before dining-room windows at the back that made what almost amounted to a glass wall overlooking the terrace, a hedge of privet with a little white gate through which one entered a garden that ended in a small orchard. Yet, counting all this work inside and outside, the total cost was only $34,000. The house itself came to 64 cents per cubic foot.

Small and Smart

If the idea attracts, but the checkbook doesn't see its way clear to such a measure of coöperation, we can easily scale down the 1830 house to a much more modest figure. Setting $10,000 as a limit, we could do a simple seven-room version, even in the New York district—built in frame and properly equipped but not, of course, to the extent of adding decoration inside. In brick veneer, such a house might run to slightly more than $12,000.

It would have a living-room 14′ x 28′, a dining-room 14′ x 14′, a kitchen, four bedrooms and a bathroom—a total content of around 25,000 cubic feet. The ceilings on the main floor would be ten feet high, those on the second floor eight feet—a cool house for the summer, an inexpensive house to heat in the winter.

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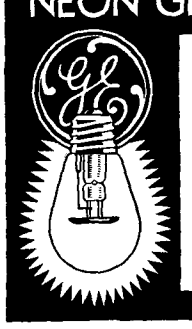

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Star Sapphire

Continued from page 17

what, he didn't know. It was Anne, however, who spoke: "Suppose I meet you just before five at Minot's? I'll drive over to St. William's afterward, Bill, for you."

Dykeman nodded.

"I love to look at gorgeous jewels," Anne said brightly, as Juan's face lit. "It'll be good fun . . . I wish you could come along, Bill."

More seriously than he realized, Dykeman said, "I wish I could, too."

IT WAS a quarter to five when Anne Jamison stepped out of the Jamison car and entered the portals of Minot, Heath & Snow. Estrado came quickly toward her.

"I haven't await' you," he said clearly, and, for her ear alone. "You will not forget I am—how you say?—somebody else, not myself? I am, you say, friend from Rio. So I have told someone here already. That is wise, no? Call me Juan as always. That is name enough."

Anne could see why Estrado, night-club host and bootlegger, preferred to remain unknown; as she nodded she noted his faultless dress, from dark cravat to white spats. Before the pair had walked a dozen paces together they were met by Minot's assistant manager.

"We want to see star sapphires," Anne told him. "I was here with Miss Sheridan last year. Mr. Heath showed us some lovely ones."

She was wondering how tired Bill would be after his difficult day of operations; she hardly heard Estrado talking to Minot's man, about steamers and bad weather and Havana and Rio; would Bill be able to listen to a lot of polite, inane dinner-table conversation, or should she stay downtown with him, and go to some quiet place . . . or would he rather talk a few minutes and be left alone?

They were in a room of dull walnut and dark hangings, with nothing to detract from the shimmer of jewels; Minot's man had pushed chairs near the single table, and addressed Anne:

"Mr. Morgan knows our asterias better than anyone save Mr. Heath, who is in London, Miss Jamison. I'll have him explain them to you and . . . this gentleman."

Anne knew instantly that Estrado was under observation.

"Fine," she agreed. "We'll take his word, naturally. Juan"—the jeweler's face cleared at the casual word—"wants my opinion. I've naturally told him that Minot's is Minot's."

When they were alone in the bare room, Estrado said softly, "Great! He was worried about me, and now I'm accepted."

A pucker of doubt crept between Anne's eyes; she remembered, suddenly, her own and Bill's indecision about accompanying Estrado when he had asked this favor. But Estrado seemed so pleased that Anne relaxed. The disguised host took out a leather cigarette case and lighter, placing both, after use, on the table.

A precise little man, gray as his suit, followed the man in uniform who brought in a tray divided into many compartments, and who left after placing it on the table. If the gray man knew who Anne Jamison was, he gave no sign but, after a brief nod, began to talk as he lifted the first gem, with delicate tongs, from its bed of fine cotton.

"This," he said, handing it to Anne, "is a star sapphire. These are all what are known as star sapphires—asterias. It is ordinary in color, but has a distinct star. It is not very valuable."

As Morgan explained, he placed the gems on a long strip of padded cotton on the table.

"How much would this sapphire be worth?" Estrado asked, opening his case and choosing another cigarette slowly. He put the tube between his lips, but kept the case, open, in his hand.

"Eh? Worth? You mean the price?" Morgan peered at the dark man, and then looked down at the slip of paper which accompanied each jewel. "Two thousand," he said. "It loses value because it has a faulty star. Here's another, deeper, richer in color. It has a good star."

Estrado's cigarette, rapidly puffed, was again half consumed; he lit another from the end, still with the case in hand.

"This," said Morgan quietly, "is a beauty. It is safe to say that it is the finest asteria in the world."

It was. Blue as deep, still water. A star, like silver dust, glinted regularly across the lovely surface.

"The price?" Estrado asked.

The little expert's voice became solemn. "I must ask," he said. "There is no slip with this gem. It is worth fifty thousand . . . more, possibly. . . ."

"I like it," Estrado said. He held out his hand and fondled the cold gem; until it was put back on the long strip of cotton Morgan's eyes never left it. "I like it," Estrado repeated. "You also, Anne?"

"It's wonderful. But—"

Estrado, standing, reached into his jacket.

"In South America," he said to Morgan, "it is lucky to buy a jewel only when you pay for it with money." He drew out a pocketbook, and laid several $10,000 bills on the table. "And I have plenty of money . . . *si.*"

"I see," the expert said coldly. "But I'm not the cashier."

Anne smiled at Morgan's mistake and affront: "Juan doesn't understand our customs. Won't you please find out how much the beautiful thing costs?"

MORGAN, eyes never leaving the asterias, reached under the table and pressed a button.

Many of the sapphires had not been removed from the tray; on the table were almost fifty, from milky white to blue gray, from azure to sea blue, with the perfectly starred, miraculously colored gem of great price—of which even Minot's were proud—among the others.

Estrado, smiling down on them, lifted his cigarette to shake off the ash. His fingers, in the swift, graceful motion, touched against the glowing end, and he gasped, "*Carr*—"

He shook his hand fiercely in pain; as he struggled not to swear his arm swung, bringing the stinging forefinger and hand just above the table and, in its backward jerk, against Anne's side. The finger ended in his mouth, and he stood sucking it miserably.

Before anyone could speak, the door opened, and the assistant manager entered. His first glance took in the currency, for he had looked toward the table; he said genially, "Found one you like? Splendid! I—"

"Found one," the expert said, "and has taken it. The regal asteria."

"But you only rang once—"

"I hadn't missed the gem when I rang for you, Mr. Wallace. But I have already rung again—twice. The gem is in the room. Probably concealed in the man's cigarette case. He was fooling with it all the time."

Anne said, "Oh, good grief!"

Two men, alert, somberly dressed, hurried through the door. Wallace explained hastily what had happened. "The lady, however"—with significance—"is Miss Jamison. The gentleman is . . . ?"

"Juan Fernando Rodrigo Moreno y Arrigajo, señores."

The smaller of the two house detectives said politely, "Identification, sir. A card. Letters. Anything. References later."

Estrado brought out his wallet, making no effort to pick up the cigarette case, looked through it, and then said sadly, "I am desolate. I can—will you believe it?—find nothing. But Miss Jamison will tell you; we are the friends intimate. And on the table you see money. Is that not the only identification—so you call it?—among Yankees?"

Estrado was asked, "Please let me see the pocketbook."

"That becomes necessary?"

"Yes."

"If I refuse?"

THE smaller detective raised an eyebrow. Estrado handed him the wallet with an elaborate gesture, without speaking.

There were cards, with tissue between their engraved faces; each was inscribed with the long and stately name Estrado had given. The detective kept at it until, in a small pocket of the wallet, he found a canceled check tightly folded. This he opened, and then said soberly, "Ever call yourself Juan Estrado?"

"But no! That check, he is a what you call curiosity, a memento of a happy evening spent with—"

"Spent in the Club España," the taller Minot guardian said, speaking for the first time. "That's where I've seen you. I was wondering. Estrado. That's you. One of the boys told me you'd done a stretch in California. San Quentin. That's where you got the Spanish—from the Mexes. You've been watched here, o' course, but I suppose you've always come across, and gone straight, for a 'legger. Now—"

Wallace asked, "You are positive, Larsen?"

"That's my job, sir. To know people. He's Estrado." To Anne: "Isn't he, miss?"

Curious, half-mocking eyes went toward Anne as she nodded; she could guess well enough what interpretation they were putting on her presence with Estrado, a handsome night-club man.

"I came here to buy a sapphire," Estrado said, having missed nothing. "I brought along the coin. There it is. Anne's jewel crazy. Why pick on me?"

Larsen was examining the cigarette case. He ripped every paper tube apart, but did not find the regal asteria.

"Women," Estrado amplified, looking squarely at Anne's flaming face, "are crazy about . . . a lot of things."

"We better get to work," Larsen said.

Anne knew what was meant—a search; her face turned white, ended ashen, but as before she said nothing.

"Um," agreed the other detective. "Come along, Estrado, and we'll look you over, or you can save a lot of trouble and come across with the sapphire."

Estrado placed the tips of his fingers together.

"Why don't you search her first?" he said. "Maybe she wanted the sapphire and wanted me to have my nice hundred grand along with it."

"Miss Jamison," said Wallace, "is free to go whenever she desires."

(Continued on page 46)

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Koran forbids the acceptance of interest on money. But the majority of Moslems today, despite their orthodoxy, evade this law in many ways, one being to invest their money through a Hindu friend. — *By Paul R. Kruming, Bombay, India.*

Broadway plays now are using actual sound effects like the movies. The sound is reproduced by phonograph records playing through loud speakers. The next time you hear off-stage thunder or a mob storming the palace gates, it will be the real thing and not just a mechanical gadget.

Planetariums, exhibitions which demonstrate the positions and motions of all celestial bodies, now total 20 throughout the world. Germany has 12, United States 3 (2 under construction), Italy 2, Austria 1, the U. S. S. R. 1 and Sweden 1.—*By H. P. Eckardt, Rochester, New York.*

Liechtenstein, the little country of 10,000 souls which lies between Switzerland and Austria, has today no crime, courts or prisons, yet it contains, paradoxically, a large colony of crooks who have "cleaned up" in other countries and retired there to live under the protection of the simple naturalization laws.

Seven pounds of tobacco are used in making one pound of cigars.

England now has a unique searchlight which throws a "checkerboard" pattern on the sky and enables anti-aircraft gunners to plot raiders as artillery targets are plotted on map squares. When an airplane enters the pattern, its speed, height and direction can be calculated in less than a minute.

In the Far East there is a mysterious malady called "serpent love." Sufferers have periodical attacks of intense morbidity which are reputedly cured by the bite of a snake.

The world's largest group of living creatures is that of the insects. There are more than 6,000,000 different species.

In a general election in Great Britain, a person is allowed by law to vote twice: once from his business address and once from his home.—*By D. S. Galbraith, New Westminster, British Columbia.*

More than 90 per cent of the bills now before Congress are local measures for the benefit of individuals and communities, such as awarding medals, erecting monuments and building bridges.—*By A. C. Seaford, Detroit, Michigan.*

Despite its large Negro population Texas today has no corrective institution for minor Negro girls. Many cases against them, even involving murder, have been dismissed for this reason. — *By Pat Burgess, Amarillo, Texas.*

Whenever possible, the U. S. S. R. does not waste time tearing down its old buildings. It gets rid of them by blowing them up — with a new liquid-air explosive.

American trends: Mourning rings are coming back; a pliable aluminum cloth has been perfected; and arc-welding of steel structures now is included in the building codes of more than 100 cities, which means that riveting, the world's prize noise, is doomed.

America never loses its sense of balance. While New York City is being glutted today with pornographic books, magazines, pictures and greeting cards, Monroe County, Tennessee, has passed a law prohibiting its school teachers from dancing.

Women deposit and withdraw 85 per cent of the money handled by American savings banks.

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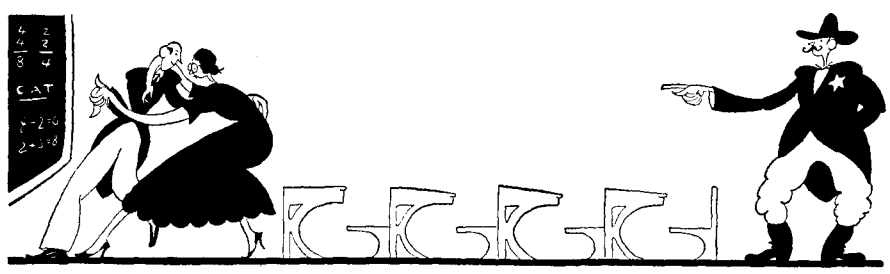

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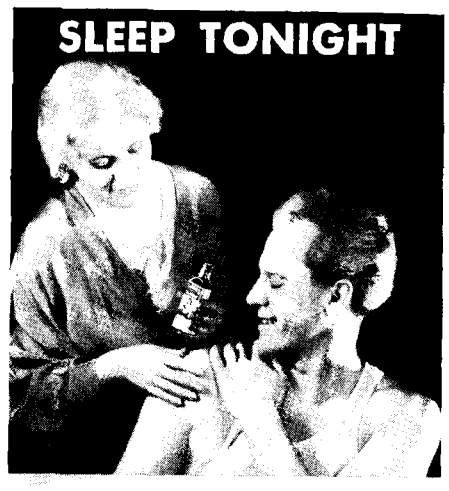

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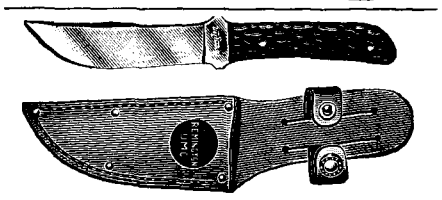

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Star Sapphire

Continued from page 44

"Yeah," Estrado jeered. "If my old man owned a couple of banks, you wouldn't search me, either. Well . . . stick around, if you want, Anne, and we'll go somewhere, you 'nd me, when this's over."

Anne half rose.

Estrado laughed shortly. "That's the way," he said. "They dump you when you're in a jam. Look at her . . . ready to beat it! Say, do I get my cash back if you don't find the stone on me?"

"We'll find it," Larsen told him.

"Think so, wise guy? Where?"

"When you put your finger in your mouth, suckin' it after it was burned . . . that's what gave me th' hunch. You palmed the sapphire. Had a false, hollow tooth in th' cigarette case. Then you slip the jewel into tooth, tooth into mouth, where a tusk's missin'. It ain't new, Estrado. A fellow named Gregorovitch did it in Vienna. He got caught th' third time—"

"You knock out my teeth, flatfoot, and you'll wake up tomorrow as house dick in heaven!"

"Sure," amiably. "Come along, and we'll see which tusk is phony." To Wallace: "Th' store's locked, sir. He can't get away. And Ben, at th' door, has tipped th' traffic cop that something's up. By this time there's an officer at all th' doors . . . let's go, Estrado."

Larsen's arm through his, the pseudo-Spaniard, about to be searched, said to Anne sharply, "After this's all over, we'll go up to my apartment, Anne. That O. K. by you?"

ANNE was alone in the walnut room, with Wallace of Minot's. Her first impulse, stronger than any ordinary urge, was to leave immediately, lest Estrado, returning, find her there and in some way spirit her away with him. Leave immediately . . . that was the sensible thing to do. She was certain that the sapphire would be soon found, probably where the detective said it was hidden.

To wait was unthinkable. Equally bad it would be to telephone her father and listen to him remind her of every foolish thing she'd ever done. And this hadn't been foolish. She wanted to run . . . out through the long showroom, to the street, and yet she felt, somehow, guilty. She had brought Estrado to Minot's. Stood sponsor for him.

Bill knew where she was, why she had come with Estrado:

"May I use a telephone?" Anne asked.

Wallace opened a panel in the dark wainscot and handed Anne the telephone. She did not ask for Bill when the St. William's operator answered, but told the girl at the switchboard her name, that she was at Minot's, and "Will you ask Dr. Dykeman to come here as soon as he can? Please tell him that it is very important."

"I'll inform our doorman," Wallace said, taking the instrument from Anne. "Otherwise he might have trouble getting in, you see."

Five minutes passed; ten, fifteen. Estrado had not returned.

Anne began to hate everything in the room, t find the place intolerable and not much longer to be borne. The walnut, dull and unpolished. The heap of silky tobacco on the floor. The scraps of paper. Wallace. The asterias on the table. Herself. Her black slippers. The three-piece suit from Philippe's with its tricky smooth-faced tweed jacket, pocketless, and the curly white tweed collar and cuff facing—yesterday she'd thought it was the duckiest thing she had ever bought; now she wondered why she had ever fallen for it, or allowed Philippe to talk her into the little weights to make the jacket hang correctly. She even detested—from staring at it—Bill's diamond on her finger.

She . . . she just couldn't stay any longer!

"Jewel thieves are very clever," Wallace soothed for the third time. "And—"

The door opened:

"Hello, Anne," Bill said. "Sorry if I'm late. What's up?"

Anne's heart lifted. Bill knew that something was up; knew her so well that she needn't say a word.

Wallace started explaining; before he had gone far Anne interrupted him. The story was told—in fragments, almost unconnected, but complete—by both.

"Maybe he swallowed it," Dykeman suggested. "Take an X-ray."

"We always do, Doctor. Miss Jamison is upset. Nervous. Naturally. Might it not be wise if you took her home? Estrado was nasty . . . he may be nastier. A thing like this . . . the less said, you know."

"If you don't find the jewel, what d'you do? Charge the Jamison account?"

"That is a possibility, sir. But we are certain Miss Jamison has not the asteria, and that Estrado has. If . . . if the worst comes to the worst, we might ask that Miss Jamison make restitution, since she introduced the man to us."

"You can't lose," Dykeman said, thinking aloud and putting his hand on Anne's shoulder. "You've got Estrado's money, and the Jamison account; you're in the clear either way, even if you don't find the gem. Only Estrado'll keep it, if he can . . . and his money. He figured on both, that's certain. Which makes Anne the goat. And Estrado can't, or won't keep his mouth shut. So this was what he was up to? I . . . I've a bit of an idea. The thing to do is—"

Dapper as ever, but with cravat less correctly adjusted, Estrado was brought back to the room.

"We got to take an X-ray," Larsen said. "It ain't on him, so it must be in him."

"How's the sapphire business, Estrado?" Bill asked. "Given up bootlegging for a better racket?" Placidly, "I hope your taste in gems is better than your liquor, Juan."

"Which, Señor Doctor—"

"Say it in English."

"—is why I wanted a sapphire, as you will testify. To protect me when I taste these beverages."

"That's a nice word. Like 'approximately.' But that's no longer important. What do you think, Estrado; they're talking of searching Miss Jamison!"

WALLACE'S lips moved, and then he shut them tightly.

"When her father hears of it," the night-club man promised, "there'll be fireworks. It's a good thing you're here, Dr. Dykeman."

"Isn't it?" agreed Bill. His hand patted Anne's shoulder, to prepare her. "Matter of fact, I suggested it."

Anne's eyes went wide. She said hotly, "Bill, if you try—"

Dykeman wasn't grinning now. "Take off your coat, Anne," he ordered.

Wallace shouted excitedly, "This has gone far enough, Doctor! Under no circumstances will we permit—"

Before Dykeman could be prevented, or Anne twist away, he slipped off her coat. The regal asteria was stuck, partly concealed in a wad of whitish gum, against the lining.

"I'm surprised you didn't rush away," Bill said gently, as Larsen pulled the jewel loose. "That's what he was after. He wanted you to leave, because you had the sapphire. Then—"

"If th' lady don't mind," the smaller detective said, "we'll ask her t' step outside. Somebody'll bump into her b'fore she gets t' her car, an' try t' grab th' stone. Only we'll—"

"What's this got to do with me?" Estrado blurted. "If she wants to steal, is it my fault?"

LARSEN was rolling the gummy substance between his fingers. "He warmed it with his hand, when the stuff was in his cigarette case. It's"—sniffing—"a mixture. Holds both stone and fabric, but needs to be warmed when placed against cloth. Got dentist's wax in it. And maybe pitch. Or mastic. Learn the trick in stir, Estrado? Nice way to slip something under a pal's shirt and fool the bulls, huh?"

Very slowly, Estrado said, "I'll buy it."

"Keep your money," Wallace snapped. "You'll need it to hire a good attorney—"

"You haven't got anything on me."

"Not yet. But wait until the man outside—who'll brush against Miss Jamison when she leaves—wait until he talks!"

"And wait until I talk! It'll be a good story, won't it, in the newspapers? With Anne Jamison . . . the woman in the case."

"Some day," said Bill Dykeman, "I hope to get a good look at your liver, Estrado. Keep drinking plenty of your own stuff, and the day'll come quick."

"No booze up the river," chuckled Larsen.

Anne, as clearly as the men, saw what a mess Estrado could make. She said nothing but looked hopefully at Bill. She saw that he was entirely calm.

"D'you know," Bill announced, "I was here every minute, with Miss Jamison and Estrado, when the attempted robbery was committed?"

Wallace's face brightened.

"So you were, Doctor!"

Estrado cried, "You're framing me!"

"Sure we are," Larsen agreed. "Ain't you lucky? Most guys who go up the river only get a number under their pictures, but you get all the trimmings."

It was a violet vender, his tray sweet and spicy with fog-wet flowers, who offered his wares to Anne when she left Minot's; his left hand held out several bunches of odorous blossoms, but his right, under the tray, was reaching toward her when Minot's men seized him.

There was no commotion; since he was held by both arms he went inside without protest. Dykeman stepped from Minot's and joined Anne. The chauffeur, hurrying from his seat to open the machine door, actually saw nothing of what had happened.

"Home," Anne said shakily.

When they were in the traffic stream headed north, she spoke again, better controlled. "I . . . I hated to call you, Bill, but . . ."

"We'd just finished," Dykeman said calmly. "Peach of an operation. Even Dr. Morton said I wasn't so bad at it—"

"I was dumb, Bill. I should've known he—Juan—was up to something. I'm dumb about a lot of things. I love you a lot."

"That's not dumb," said Bill. "Have . . . have you ever been kissed on Fifth Avenue, Anne?"

"Not yet," said Anne.

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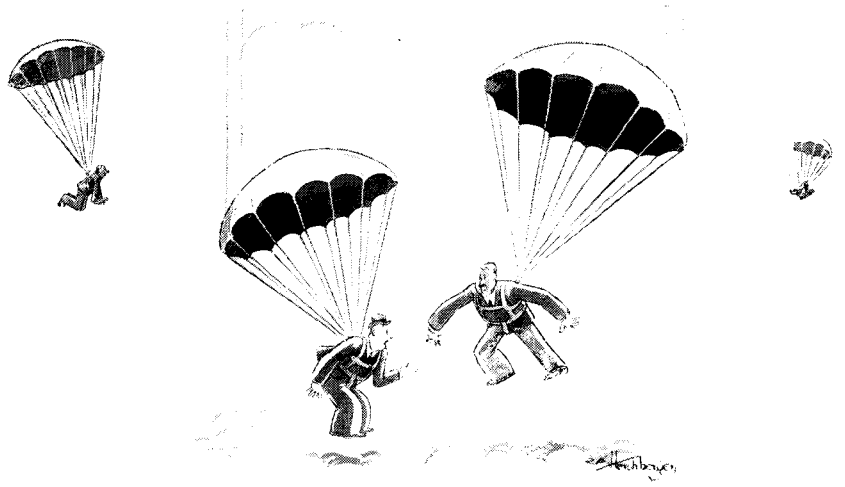

"I don't believe we should have asked the pilot to be a fourth at bridge!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. J-10
H. None
D. 10-9-8-7-6
C. J-10-9-8-7-6

West
S. 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2
H. A-Q-10-3-2
D. None
C. None

East
S. None
H. 8-7-6-5-4
D. 5-4-3-2
C. 5-4-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-Q
H. K-J-9
D. A-K-Q-J
C. A-K-Q

ALMOST on the same day I received two letters: one asking me to lay out the weakest pair of hands that could combine to make a grand slam, the other asking me to give the strongest single hand that could have a grand slam made *against* it. I am answering both questions with the deal which appeared in last week's Collier's.

This layout has been christened the "Mississippi Heart Hand." It is said to have been used by card manipulators who in days of yore frequented the Mississippi River steamers. The story is that it was "cold-decked" into old-time Bridge games when the stakes were high and the doubling (which was not limited to one redouble) was liberal.

At Auction Bridge, with East and West the sharpers and North and South the victims, the bidding probably would be about as follows: South one No Trump, West two Spades, North pass, East pass; South two No Trumps, West three Spades, two passes, and South three No Trumps; then West four Spades, North five Clubs, South five No Trumps, West six Spades, South double, West seven Hearts, South double, and West redouble. Of course South's Spades are ruffed by East, and his Diamonds and Clubs by West; to complete his discomfiture, his trumps are led through twice and killed, West making his grand slam.

Recently when talking to four expert Contract players who frequently play Duplicate together, I was interested to learn that none of them had heard of the "Mississippi Heart Hand." I did not explain what it was, but later when that quartet were playing Duplicate, I "ran it in on them" by slipping in a "stacked" board with North-South vulnerable, East-West not vulnerable.

South, with the incredible No Trump count of 32, would have been justified in making either a bid of five No Trumps or the Game-Demand Two-Club bid. He chose the latter. South's plan was to call two No Trumps on the second round, hoping that North could show two stoppers in Hearts. If North showed Heart strength, South could bid six No Trumps with perfect safety; if North's second-round bid was three Clubs, South planned to bid four No Trumps on the third round. As it happened, however, West threw a wrench into South's machinery by bidding three Spades over South's two Clubs; his two-suit hand was far too strong to pass. West's bid relieved North of the necessity of keeping the bidding open and East also passed.

South started the second round with a bid of three No Trumps, he now considering a slam-inviting four useless, and West overcalled with four Spades—not showing his Heart suit because of the much greater length in Spades. North then considered it time to bid his long weak Clubs, of course being compelled to call five. East and South passed but West called five Hearts, a flag-flying bid of despair. North and East passed and South doubled. West passed and North, panic-stricken by his Heart chicane and his having bid with a worthless hand, put in a rescuing "six Clubs." East determined to hoist the flag another notch with a bid of six Hearts, hoping that the flag-flying penalty would be less than the approximate 1,100 points which he figured North and South would score at six Clubs.

South ended the agony by doubling once more, and four pop-eyed experts watched the development of a doubled small slam with one extra trick, made against a holding of three Aces, four Kings, three Queens and four Jacks.

North led a Club; West ruffed and led a Spade; East ruffed and led a Heart through South's declared strength. The double finesse was taken and the process of Spade ruffing and Heart leading was continued. Finally South had to discard his top honors in Diamonds and Clubs on West's small (but perfectly good) Spades.

East and West, with three honors (one of them a Ten) between them, took thirteen tricks against a North-South holding of seventeen honors.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-6-4-2
H. 5
D. K-J-7
C. K-Q-9-8-3

East
S. J-8-5-3
H. J-9-7-2
D. 8-6
C. 10-5-4

West
S. Q-9-7
H. K-8-6-4-3
D. 5-2
C. 7-6-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-10
H. A-Q-10
D. A-Q-10-9-4-3
C. A-J

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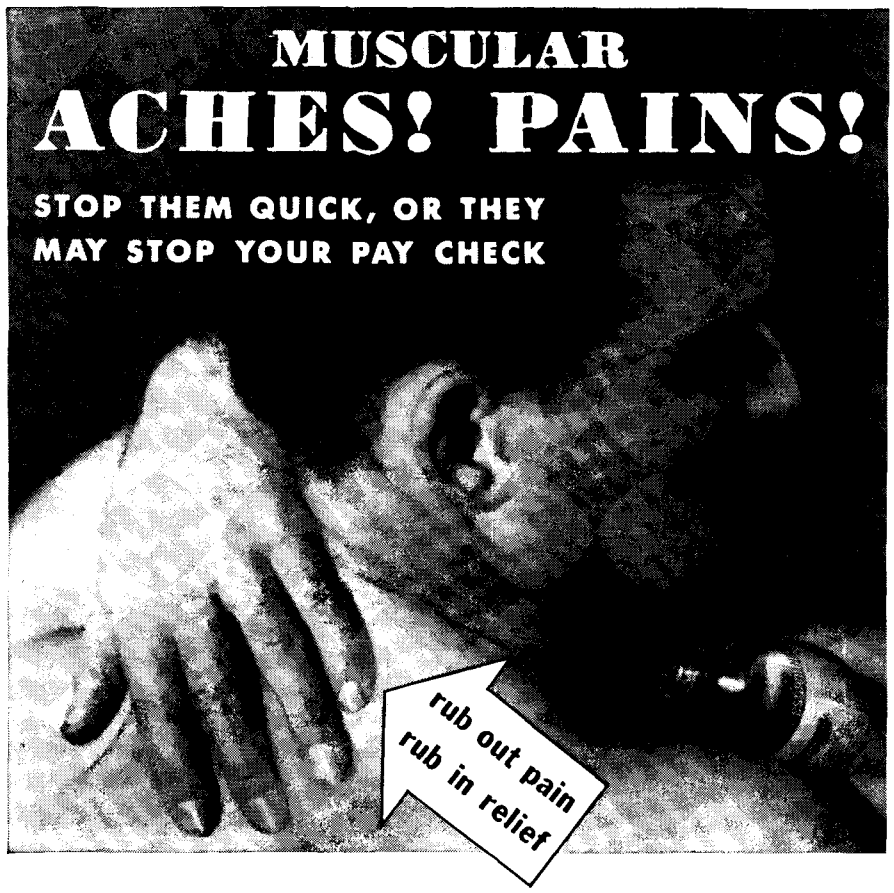

YOU may be able to take the punishment of aching muscles but, in times like these, can you afford to be laid up and take time off from work to nurse them back to normal comfort?

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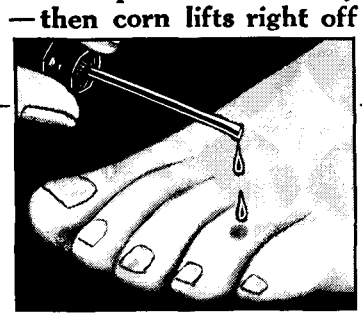

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Romance Preferred

Continued from page 11

"Bently isn't a person, you innocent. It's a place. A house . . . a *big* house, with gardens and stables and villages tacked on. They were all built sometime about the year Columbus discovered America, and they've been falling to pieces ever since."

"If you can't afford to keep a big house, why don't you sell it?"

"Sell—? Sell Bently? But you don't understand, my dear. One'd as soon think of selling one's mother. Besides, if I wanted to I couldn't . . . it's entailed. I could let—but you can't find tenants for a place like that! Besides, it's in such bad repair. . . ."

After a moment: "Shall we go for a walk tonight?" His voice was caressing.

Dodo, thrilling at something she heard in it, only nodded. Wordless.

They walked along the lake shore. And in the pale light of the young moon, he kissed her. A long, passionate kiss that drained every drop of sweetness, and had mad roots, deep down in both of them.

At last he released her, and stood with both hands on her shoulders, looking down. Made to kiss her again, then changed his mind. Pushed her from him almost roughly and, turning, rushed off by himself into the woods.

He was late for breakfast in the morning. At sight of him, a cold finger of apprehension touched Dodo. She half rose. Then sat down again. He joined her on the wide, screened veranda where the hotel meals were served, and sat down opposite.

"I'm going home today . . ." he said. "I think I'd better."

Quite mechanically she rearranged the breakfast things in front of her.

"Why?" she asked at last, in a small, colorless voice.

"After last night? Dodo!" Getting his meaning, she twisted her finger in the handle of the cream jug. At last, watching her, he went on gravely: "Don't you see, my dear? I love you. But I can't *afford* to love you. So this has got to be . . . good-by. We won't ever see each other again. But I want you to know that you're the finest companion, and the loveliest girl I've ever known or ever hope to know. . . ."

"Then—" She raised suddenly brimming eyes to his. Scorn, pride, sincerity of emotion fought in her for mastery. "Love is worth nearly everything, Jeffery," she said at last, very low.

"IT'S no use. There are other things . . . responsibilities. Remember when you asked me yesterday why I didn't do something about being poor, if I hated it so? Well—that's just what I *am* going to do. . . . But I won't ever forget. Will *you*, Dodo? Say you'll never forget."

"No, I won't forget. But—tell me. What is it you're going to do?"

"Marry money. You don't think much of that, do you? It was all arranged before I came here. That's why—but never mind. I'm going to marry money. . . . She's American, like you. Only she won't be like you, of course. I'm going back to London now, to meet her."

"To meet . . . do you mean to say you don't even *know* her?"

"No. My sister does. She's giving a party in a few weeks, specially for us to meet."

"You're deliberately trying to make it sound revolting. . . ."

"Best you should know, and think the worst of me, Dodo."

"What makes you so sure she'll marry *you?*"

"Oh," he smiled bitterly. "It won't be *me* she'll be marrying—but my title. . . . I don't believe you even knew I had one, did you, Dodo?" She shook her head. "She'll have a title. That should satisfy *her;* it's what she'll buy!"

The girl rose abruptly. "Well, if that's what you want, I suppose I should wish you luck. Good-by, Jeffery."

Then she turned and went down the steps into the garden, and out along the lake.

"WHAT will you wear tonight, Miss Margaret?" asked Saunders, fussing about the large hotel-room closet.

Dodo considered. Tonight there was a dinner somewhere . . . and then a reception somewhere else with dancing. Quite a slack evening for the height of the London season. But she would have liked it even simpler.

"Something white, Saunders."

(. . . Dark people should always wear white. . . .)

Bill was coming to the dinner. Just down from Scotland, and golf. She hadn't seen him since Innsbruck. . . .

"Leave my hair alone, Saunders."

(. . . People with nearly blue hair should never have it curled. . . . Oh, let it go! Could she help it if he had happened to approve her own taste? Change herself, everything about her, just because he had liked her the way she was?)

The reception at Lady Mann's was in full swing when the McCutcheon party arrived. Lady Mann greeted them with well-bred enthusiasm.

". . . so delightful. And, Margaret, my dear! I want you to meet my brother, Lord Bently. . . ."

So *she*—she herself—was to have been the chosen heiress! Standing there a moment savoring this irony something inside herself laughed—and laughed—and laughed. What a scurvy trick of fate's. . . .

"DODO!"

Then came Lady Mann's anxious, surprised "You *know* each other?"

"Yes." Her voice was cool and level. "Hello, Jeffery." Something else inside—the wound she'd told herself a thousand times was no wound, and was healed anyway—was bleeding. And so she kept the small head, so exquisitely set upon her shoulders, a good half inch higher than usual. Withdrawing her hand: "I want you to meet my fiancé, Mr. William Endicott," she said abruptly.

And then, arm in arm with Bill—*dear* Bill, scarlet with confusion and, no doubt, happiness—moved off down the long room under the drawn, white-faced stare of the Earl of Bently.

"See here, Dodo—" under the portrait of the sixth Earl, several centuries old—Bill stopped. "I got to get this straight. . . . You're a swell girl, Dodo, and I'd do most anything for you, but—"

"What's the matter?" Even as she spoke, she *knew* what was the matter. Emily Sands had been in Scotland. Playing golf. . . . And it was two months.

"I know I asked you to marry me—some time ago, Dodo. Asked you repeatedly, in fact. But since then—er—the fact is—"

"You've got engaged to Emily Sands."

"However did you guess?"

"Dear Bill. It's sticking out all over you. Like porcupine quills. I'm . . . awfully glad."

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"But when you said tonight—"

"Pay no attention to that, Bill. I just wanted to annoy someone."

"Oh . . ." he sounded a trifle blank. Then, suddenly reassured: "Well, anything you want to do in that line, Dodo. . . . Don't hesitate—"

"Bill!" Somehow she had got to get rid of him . . . to be alone, or she would scream! "I see someone I've got to speak to. You can forage for yourself, can't you?"

AND, without waiting to hear, she darted off. If only she'd been content just to *look* her scorn at Jeffery, leaving it at that. Now she had got to tell him— For she couldn't sail under false colors. Let him find out some other way.... Better get it over at once.

But though she searched the house, Jeffery was nowhere to be found.

She must write, then. . . . Later that night, nerving herself for the ordeal in her room, she found a note, evidently delivered during the evening by hand. Tore it open.

There fell out another envelope and half a sheet of paper. "I have no right to send you this—now," said the half sheet, "but I can't bear for you to think worse of me than you need. Read—and then destroy it. I only wanted you to know. . . . Bless you—J."

"It" was a letter addressed to Miss Dodo Browne at a little inn above Achensee. The postmarks showed it had been mailed a fortnight since, and returned—unopened—to the sender.

"Darling," she read, "I can't go through with it. Before this last month I might have. Would have. Not after knowing, loving you. After all this—ugliness—will you forgive me? I'd come back for you, but I can't. I've got to work. Work for you, now. . . . I'll never be able to make much money, I'm afraid. Haven't any gift that way. But we'll manage somehow . . . that's if you're not afraid of poverty, and if you'll take me on.

"*Don't* be afraid, Dodo. I want you so. And forgive me for trying to be a cheap swine. I love you. J."

"Jeffery . . ." murmured Dodo. "Jeffery. . . . And what're *you* crying for, you damn' fool? How do you expect to be able to read a telephone number if you go on like this? . . . Operator, give me Mayfair 83935. . . . Hello! I want to speak to Lord Bently, please. . . ."

Brandow's Folly

Continued from page 18

masonry. It was a soundless, moonless night. The light from the oil lamp soon lost itself in the blackness. He could barely discern the formless shapes of the giant pine trees which ringed the tower. Drowsy from his day of driving, he was too sleepy to speculate long about the man who had lain dead in that room twenty-five years before. He undressed quickly, blew out his light and stretched himself on the wide bed.

A sound made him start up. It was a strange sound, low and throaty, and he thought at first it was made by some night bird, an owl perhaps. He sprang from his bed and went to a window, but could see nothing in the black night that pressed in on the tower. The sound stopped; but he could hear, faintly, a movement in the branches of the pines, perhaps thirty feet from the tower. He decided it must be a lynx, or some other large night prowler. Then he heard the sound again. It was a chuckle. Hearne strained his eyes, trying to pierce the darkness. The night became soundless again. He went back to bed and fell asleep.

He woke early. The sun was just beginning to struggle through the dense pines. He dressed and went downstairs in search of breakfast; but no one in the house was visible. Through a door leading from the bar came a regular guttural rumble which, Hearne surmised, was the snore of the landlord. He decided not to wake him for a while, but to do a bit of exploring in this odd, hybrid castle. Passing through the bar, he came to an untidy kitchen. Outside was a yard, littered with the corpses of rusted sleighs and other débris. On a bench sat the thin, bent man, peeling potatoes. He peeled them swiftly and expertly and, as he peeled them, he chuckled. Hearne stood at the window, watching him.

After a while the man put down his knife, fished inside the old gray flannel shirt he was wearing and drew out something that glittered in the morning sun. Hearne was near enough to see that it was an old-fashioned locket. For a time the man held it in his hand, staring at it with far-away eyes. Then he touched the spring and it opened. He bent over it. He raised it to his lips and held it there for a moment. Then he closed it and restored it to its place inside his shirt. He took up his knife and began to peel potatoes again. He peeled them very slowly now. He did not chuckle.

Hearne stepped out into the yard and was about to speak to him when he saw something that made him stop. Around the corner of a shed hopped a young robin, newly hatched and just learning to fly, and it was uttering frantic cries of fear. The man in the yard saw it too, and his lean face hardened into a look of fierce concentration, for there came gliding in pursuit of the little bird a large copperhead, moving not swiftly but steadily and with an assurance which betokened it knew it could make the kill at its leisure.

Before Hearne could move, the man in the yard moved. His long, skinny arm went up and came down sharply. Something bright darted across the yard. The snake twitched and stiffened. It was transfixed to the wooden shed by the potato knife driven hard and true through its head. The bent man sat looking at the snake, thoughtfully. Then he began to chuckle.

HEARNE did not wait for his breakfast. He stole back quietly through the kitchen and into the bar, slipped a two-dollar bill under the door of the snoring landlord, and strode swiftly down the hill to the garage.

The garageman, a figure of remorse after his spree, had towed the car there and was just finishing the repair job when Hearne came up.

"She'll do now," he said.

"Thanks," said Hearne, and paid him.

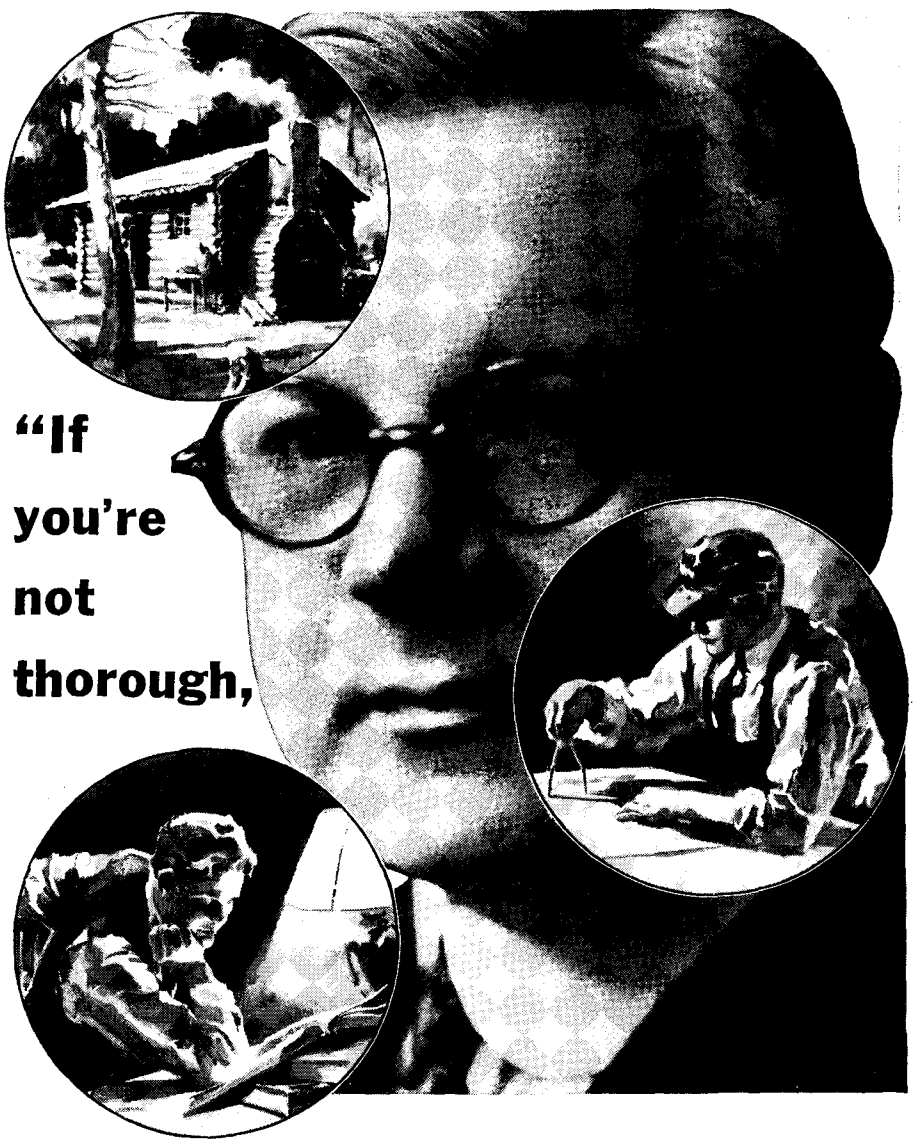
Hearne was behind the wheel and was about to start when the old constable came hobbling down the street and wished him good morning.

"Pass a good night?" the constable asked.

"A very interesting night, thanks," said Hearne.

"See any ghosts?" grinned the constable.

"Yes," said Hearne, and stepped on the gas and shot down the street, leaving the constable gaping after him.



YOU'RE THROUGH!"

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

BORN in a log cabin in the Province of Ontario, Michael H. Krieger came to this country in his early youth and completed his common school education in Buffalo, N. Y. At the age of fourteen it became necessary for him to go to work, and his first job was in Cleveland, Ohio, as an apprentice patternmaker. Even at this boyish station in life, he decided *training* was essential to progress — and enrolled for a course in drafting with the International Correspondence Schools.

Today Mr. Krieger is works manager of the Durant Motor Company at Lansing, Michigan. "There were high spots in that I. C. S. Course," he says, "which I needed for my climb. In my study, thoroughness was the rule I tried to follow; in fact, I am doing my best to follow it yet. The man who slips in thoroughness is beginning to break up!"

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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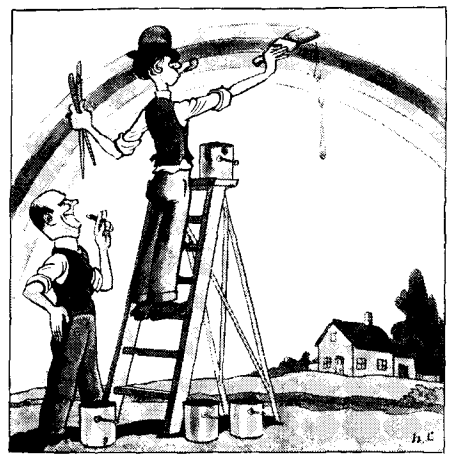


Pollyanna

ONE morning recently Mr. Ben Turoff of Lees Summit, Missouri, left his bed in a horrible humor. Taking stock of himself to locate the cause, he found to his own amazement that he was sick and tired of the depression. Without further ado he organized the Pollyanna Society, notifying the newspapers. Was Mr. Turoff scoffed or sneered into silence? He was not. Immediately applications for membership rushed in.

There are no dues, no regalia, no rituals, no parades. The only requirement for membership is that he who thinks of or mentions anything but "good times" submits to a hearty kick.

We don't believe that Mr. Turoff's inspiration is going to restore prosperity; but it certainly is not going to prolong the depression. Somehow we are reminded of old After Bit Willard back in our home town. He was more than seventy when we left—years ago. Soon thereafter we were informed that After Bit had fallen into a well, sustaining fractures of both legs, several ribs and pneumonia to boot. We mourned him as dead. But After Bit survived. We asked him how he managed to pull through.

"Shucks," he said. " 'Twasn't nothing. I didn't pay no attention to it."

More Cars

WE HEAR again that the automobile market has reached the saturation point. It hasn't, of course, because this country will keep on growing and the motor market will grow with it.

While it grows there are the users of more than twenty-four million cars who are going to keep on buying because the automobile is an indispensable part of modern life. Moreover, the motor car will hasten our growth as it has in the past two decades. Suburbs will be farther removed from cities, rural and urban differences will disappear and the benefits of wider social contact and understanding will increase.

The improved motor car will do that. The car of 1932 is not only better and cheaper, but it shows the direction automotive thought is taking. Greater speeds with lowered fuel consumption are ahead of us, making the automobile still more useful. To say the automobile market is as large as it is going to be is to say progress has stopped.

Where the Blame Belongs

WE SHALL have to revise Voltaire's memorable observation that "if there were no God it would be necessary to invent Him." At the present time there is no devil handy and so politicians and others are trying to discover one.

Various candidates have been nominated. Hiram Johnson, and others, have picked out the international bankers as the devil-in-chief. Hiram has discovered that international merchants in bonds actually made profits.

Others at Washington are in favor of electing the power trust to the first place among devils. The power trust has the clear advantage of being vague and hard to locate. Of course utility companies and holding corporations are fairly numerous but it is difficult to say which one of them is actually the power trust. Doubtless any number aspire to the honor. So far none seems to have it.

Still others pick on the banks and the Stock Exchange. The bears and the short sellers are also favorites as the authors of our woes. These are ready candidates at a time of low prices. When the great bull market was on and everything was going up, the banks and the security exchanges provided an El Dorado in which everybody who bought stocks was to discover riches.

There is no occasion for surprise or excitement over this busy search for a responsible devil. We have had similar experiences. A generation ago first the railroads and then John D. Rockefeller were our principal devils. Rockefeller was extraordinarily useful to many politicians over a long period. Already, however, history has reversed that verdict.

The truth is that ever since man began to walk on his hind legs and to think further ahead than the next meal, he has wanted devils and scapegoats. The gods of good fortune had somehow to be appeased and the sacrifice of a devil seemed to turn the trick.

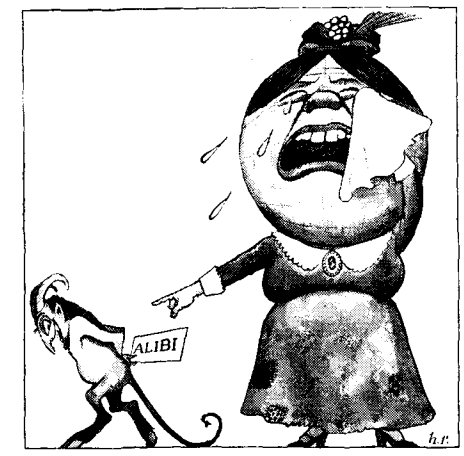
Is it necessary to go through all of this political humbuggery again? Are we not mature and sensible enough to deal with difficult facts without a resort to what is in effect barbarous superstition? We don't need a devil to explain prosperity or depression and we don't have to go far outside ourselves to find remedies for what must be cured.

A long time will have to elapse before the world will know clearly the full story of these last ten years but some of it is now as plain as day.

One of the major causes of the depression is certainly to be found in the speculation which lasted up to October, 1929. What class stood aloof from that? Prices went to dizzy heights not because brokers were particularly lunatic, but because speculation was in the air. Nearly everybody who had money tried to make more by buying shares in expanding corporations. Why kid ourselves about that?

Many men who should have known better behaved very badly during the era of rising prices. Congress and legislatures neglected to pass laws which might have restrained undue expansion. But don't blame the lawmakers for their inaction. There was no crying demand from voters for more legal restraints. Quite the contrary. Government was asked to keep its hands off. President Harding was elected on a program of less government in business and President Coolidge found the same doctrine popular.

We know now, if we are capable of learning, that government and business have to be prepared for storms as well as fair weather. All we need do is to keep calm and put our house in order. We can do this without the aid of a devil.



More Devils

THE list of devils mentioned in the next column can be augmented from any day's newspapers. It is the old alibi habit easily acquired by chronic fact-blinkers. Soviet authorities account for Russia's poor showing in foreign trade by pointing to world conditions over which they had no control and you might think Stalin was running for reëlection. "Bad weather" elected a Democrat in New Hampshire, according to Senator Moses. Dry spokesmen have searched from *koti* to *rakennus* for the devil in the recent Finnish election and they have identified several. André Tardieu is one of them. His threats of economic reprisals drove Finland to drink. The "international liquor interests" had a great deal to do with it and so did wet propaganda from the United States. If you think the Finns merely got tired of prohibition you are very simple indeed and probably a wet.

Lore and Order

MAX BONNER of Encinitas in California has shot himself into a good job. Max found a couple of fellows picking on his landlord; whereupon he unholstered an exhibition of sharpshooting which completely distracted attention from the funeral of its victim. After the admiring jury freed him, the police department made him an offer. Now Max walks his nightly beat; and Encinitas is receiving congratulations for renewing an old American custom.

Before you laugh at the notion of Al Capone in a constable's helmet, recall the salubrious effect Wild Bill Hickok's appointment as marshal had upon the naughty town of Abilene in old-time Kansas. Every cattle town in the rowdy-dow days had bad men, and it was up to the citizens to decide who was worst and make him sheriff. Quickness on the draw was judge, jury and penitentiary combined. This was never better exemplified than on the day when the wicked McKandles, with nine of his gang, jumped Wild Bill in a cabin on the Nebraska border.

Wild Bill plugged five before they got close. The rest bore him down upon a bed and treated him to the indignity of a punch. "Then," Bill explained tartly, while he busied himself cutting ten more notches in his gun, "I got ugly!"

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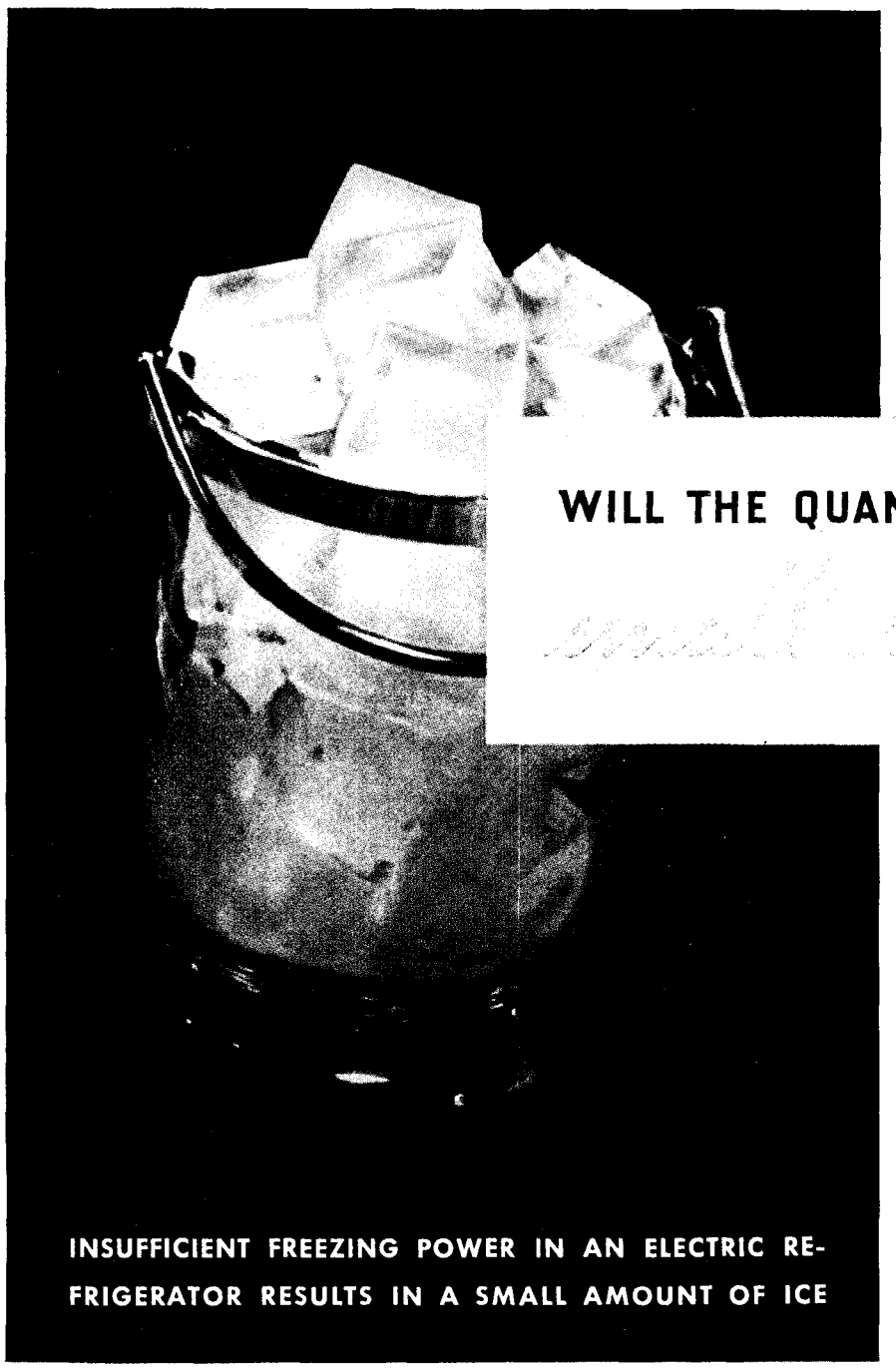
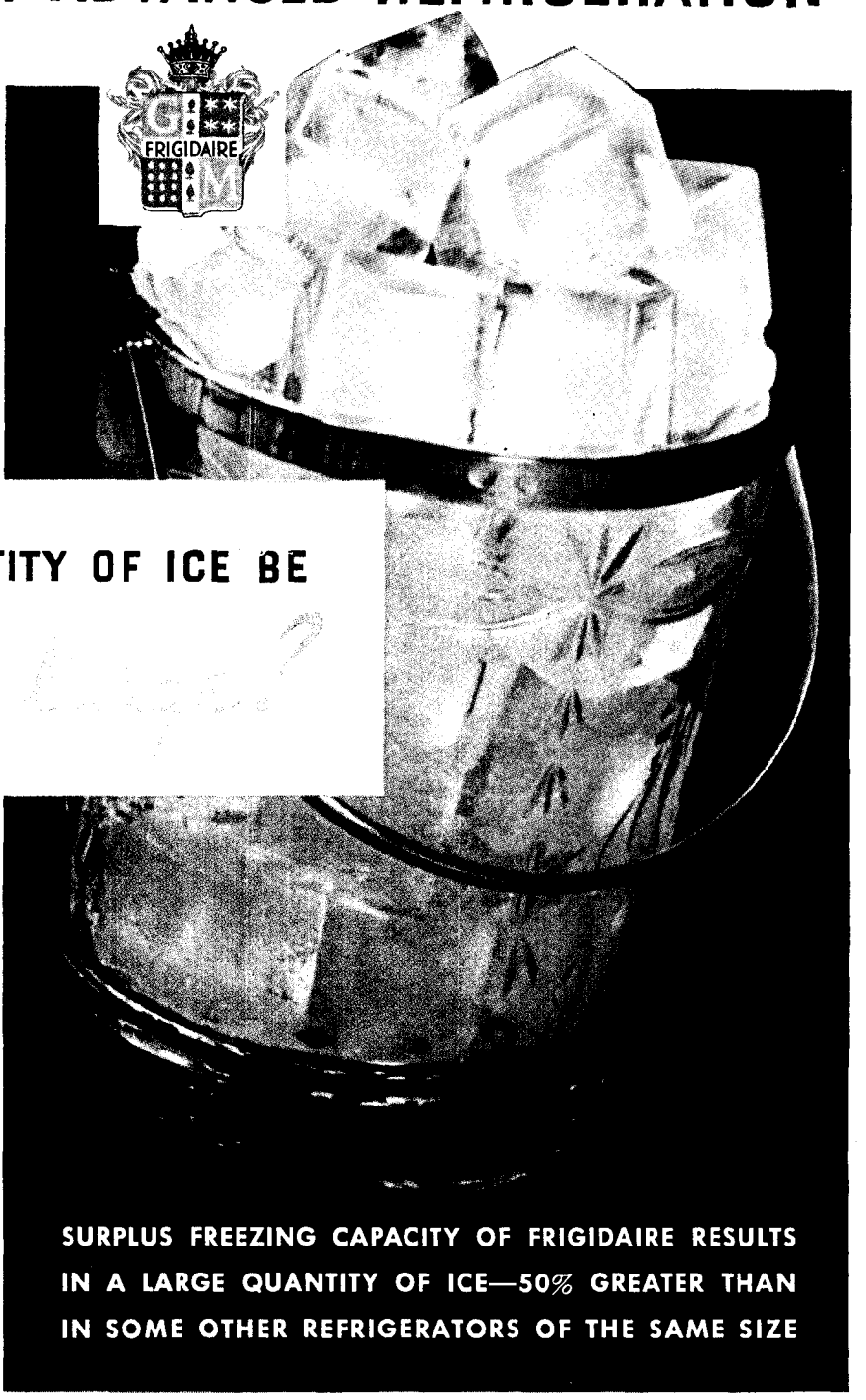


INSUFFICIENT FREEZING POWER IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR RESULTS IN A SMALL AMOUNT OF ICE

WILL THE QUANTITY OF ICE BE



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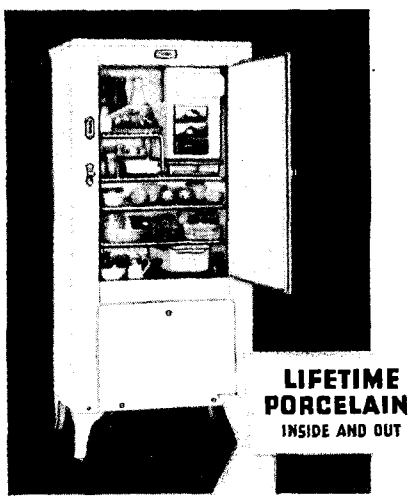

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